

NO. 34.

Absolutely pure.

THE ENTERPRISE

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,
Editor and Proprietor.

It was a case of "ready money" with his knife.

The doctor with an automobile is bound to get something somewhere, somehow.

Actions speak louder than words. Some men never say die; yet they all have to do it.

When a man says he had forgotten all about that little loan you just returned he is a liar.

J. Pierpont Morgan's favorite eight-inch cigar would seem to be a merger of several smaller cigars.

If a woman is unable to tell when a man is going to propose she has no business with a husband.

On an average a woman can jump 62 per cent as far as a man, but with a mouse to help her she can raise the percentage to 89.

Almost every day some far-seeing person succeeds in getting his name in the papers by predicting a war between Russia and Japan.

Mr. Carnegie has at last discovered the right way to escape the "disgrace of dying rich." He thinks of going into the newspaper business.

In at least one respect General Fred D. Grant seems to take after his father. He is doing his work without making much noise about it.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., announces that "riches is no bar to heaven." Perhaps the young man has seen a camel go through the eye of a needle.

A spinster was scared into hysterics by an Angora goat that strayed into her parlor. That is at least a change from the old one about the man under the bed.

The heroine of a new prize play recently staged in London is a stenographer afflicted with "heart hunger." We have known stenographers afflicted with "candy hunger."

Many people who have loved Sol Smith Russell across the footlights hope and believe that he has only "just dropped in on mother" and will enjoy a long rest with the old folks now "at home."

The story that Kermit Roosevelt stalked on stilts into the room where a session of the cabinet was being held was not given out by the President to the correspondents with the other cabinet news.

King Edward's cook is said to draw a salary about equal to that of a lieutenant general in the British army, or an admiral of the fleet. Too many such cooks would spoil the financial broth, even were there the treasury of a mighty kingdom to draw upon.

The railroads also are planting trees, although it cannot be said that they do so with any special reference to Arbor Day. A New England company is setting out ten thousand catalpas and some chestnut and black walnut saplings upon its vacant lands. A Western company is about to plant more than a hundred thousand catalpas. Years hence these trees will supply timber for ties, posts and other purposes, and the railroads are taking the long look ahead. The country would be richer in the future if the rest of us would exercise some such forethought, even if we were to plant only one tree for every hundred trees that we cut down.

The recent utterances of Lord Kelvin regarding the difficulties in the way of navigating the air and his prediction that flying machines that will "fly" are a long way off have evoked wide discussion as to the accuracy of his statements. It will be admitted that Lord Kelvin's high standing as a scientist gives the weight of authority to any opinion that he may express regarding actual scientific attainments. But it is argued that when the distinguished scientist gets into the domain of prophecy he lacks enthusiasm in the matter of navigating the air. Lord Kelvin is reported as saying in a recent interview that no system of ballooning with dirigible air ships can ever be of practical use. Many other scientific men who have given study to the problem of aerial navigation share this opinion. But whether the flying machine that will fly without a balloon is "a long way off" or not depends largely upon the interest and activity that may be aroused among inventors and scientific men. This country, which is usually in the lead in mechanical development of this character, seems to be behind England, France and Germany in experimentation upon flying machines. The efforts of Santos-Dumont to navigate the air, while accomplishing nothing practical in this line, have already given a stimulus to inventive genius in the direction of evolving a practical motor device light enough and strong enough for this purpose. A correspondent of a New York paper suggests that as a means of arousing interest among inventors in this question, "aerial clubs" should be formed that will offer prizes large enough to enable them to go ahead with the necessary experiments.

When the ancient teacher charged the people to "despise not the day of small

things," he meant much that is not ordinarily grasped by readers of his maxims. Many persons think that it is the things themselves that are not to be scorned, which is, in a sense, very true, for natural science as well as abstract philosophy teaches that there can be nothing, however infinitesimal, that has not its function and its proper place. The small things, however, which the sage probably had most in view are not concrete at all, or, if concrete, are not those which in their best uses are complete in themselves. A different definition would circumscribe too greatly the profound lesson that he taught. Many small things go to make up a mighty whole. Many efforts go to make up a wonderful achievement. You may read of geniuses accomplishing this, that or the other thing, at one superb stroke. Never believe it. If it may seem to have been done at one stroke, be sure that many were required. For every great act, whether apparently spontaneous or not, there is preparation; there are various stages of the process of getting ready. Shakespeare did not burst forth in a day from the obscurity of Stratford-on-Avon as a full-fledged dramatist and poet, the greatest that the world has seen. Every literary work of value, no matter how quickly it may have been dashed off in the heat of final production, is a result of many things, many thoughts and impulses, and is not an independent act. One evil fruit of romanticism, which ran riot in literature in the early half of the last century, was the notion that genius is a heaven-born gift which by itself can achieve all that is achievable. It has been discovered over again, if the phraseology may be allowed, that genius is the power of utilizing to the best advantage the many small things that go to make up a great whole. Genius itself is a product of cumulative products. The teacher meant that the day in which time could be found for only small efforts towards a cherished object was not to be despised. Every really great man knows how much he owes to the perseverance with which he sought to make gradual advances towards his chief aim, when long, compelling strides were impossible. The weak soul, in such a case, would have faltered, delayed, probably given up, or dilly-dallied until it would have been too late to go on. Wherein genius sometimes consists is the sense of power to command the best that little things and earnest thought often interrupted efforts can afford. A few minutes a day devoted to a special study may make one the best qualified in it of any. No person with any claim to culture should let a day slip by without at least an hour of study or serious reading. The day of little things becomes the day of great things in the long perspective of time and action. Despire it not.

EUROPE'S SMALL FIRE LOSS.

One-Tenth of What It Is Here—Buildings Are Almost Fireproof.

Losses by fire in European cities are less than one-tenth of those in the cities here, though in Europe the fire departments, except in one or two instances, are almost insignificant and on a casual survey wholly inadequate.

With a population of 2,500,000, Paris for years has had a fire loss less than Boston's. Budapest, with a larger population than Boston, lost less than one-tenth the amount last year that the Massachusetts capital did.

Milan, with half a million inhabitants, loses on the average only \$150,000 a year, and the total damage by fire in Venice, where 200,000 people live, was only about \$20,000. London's loss is only about one-fifth that of New York.

It is not that the fire departments are so very efficient in any of these European cities, but because the buildings are planned on lines which render them practically fireproof. Wood plays some part in the construction of houses, but brick and stone surround it invariably, and experience has shown that elaborate fire fighting forces are unnecessary. —New York Sun.

Indian Wore Glasses.

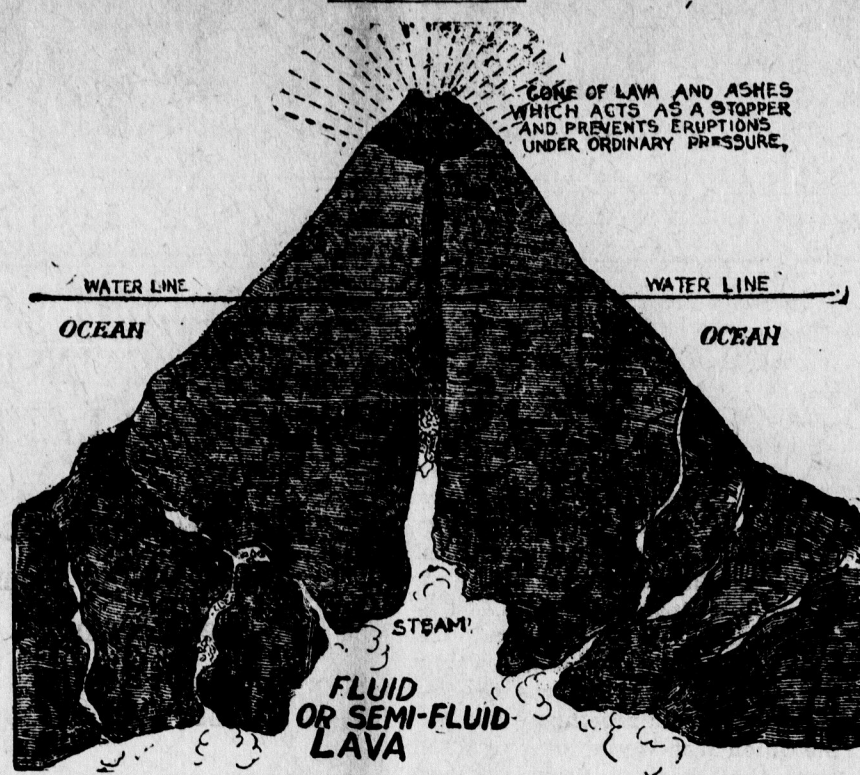
"I noticed something the other day that was to me in the nature of a novelty," remarked a prominent local court stenographer who has spent considerable time in a business way among the descendants of the American aborigines. "What struck me as strange was my meeting here in Washington with an Indian who wore eye-glasses. In the course of all my experiences with the red men I never before observed Poor Lo making use of lenses to aid his sight. Perhaps the name of this particular Indian has something to do with his adopting what is unquestionably a very necessary custom of civilization. He bears the cognomen 'Foggy Cloud,' and is a member of the Chippewa tribe. All the other Indians of my acquaintance are blessed with keen sight of the most pronounced type, and I do not remember hearing that any of them ever had eye trouble of any character." —Washington Star.

Novel Use for Bullets.

Bullets seem rather a grim kind of ornament, but of late years the fad of setting bullets in jewelry has been much followed. The King of Greece wears a bullet set as a charm on his watch chain. This bullet was lodged in the panel of his carriage when he was fired at. Mr. Maurice Gifford, who will be remembered as leading the Rhodesian Horse in the Diamond Jubilee procession, gave his wife as a wedding present a bracelet containing the bullet which cost him his arm. There certainly seems to be something a bit barbaric in such charms—suggestive of scalp and other trophies.

When a dog growls over his food he likes it; but with a man it is different

HOW A VOLCANIC EXPLOSION IS CAUSED.



A study of the above picture, reproduced from the New York World, will show how the molten mass in the mountain's interior met the water, and how the steam generated thereby, following the line of least resistance, blew off the top of the volcano.

The calamity which has overtaken two islands of the Windward group in the Antilles will unquestionably lead to a fresh discussion of the causes of volcanic disturbance. As to the extent to which water operates there is some lack of harmony among volcanists. Shaler, Milne and others hold that substance largely, if not entirely, responsible for the trouble. They point to the fact that many volcanoes are situated near the coast of continents or on islands, where leakage from the ocean may possibly occur. Russell, on the other hand, regards water not as the initial factor, but as an occasional, though important, re-enforcement. He suspects that when the molten rock has risen to a considerable distance it encounters that fluid, perhaps in a succession of pockets, and that steam is then suddenly generated.

The explosive effects which ensue are of two kinds. By the expansion of the moisture which some of the lava contains the latter is reduced to a state of powder, and thus originate the enormous clouds of fine dust which are ejected. Shocks of greater or less violence are also produced. The less severe ones no doubt sound like the discharge of artillery and give rise to tremors in the immediate vicinity. In extreme cases enough force is developed to rend the walls of the volcano itself. Russell attributes the blowing up of Krakatoa to steam. The culminating episode of the Pelee eruption, though not resulting so disastrously to the mountain, would seem to be due to the same immediate cause. To this particular explosion, too, it seems safe to assign the upheaval which excited a tidal wave.

PRENTIS CHOSE ST. PIERRE.

Why the American Representative Went to French Island.

The death of Thomas Prentis of Massachusetts, United States consul at St. Pierre, who with his wife and children perished in the Martinique catastrophe, recalls the story of how Mr. Prentis was dropped from the consular service a few years ago.

In Mr. Cleveland's second term Mr. Prentis was consul at Mauritius, where he had married Miss Louise Fry, the daughter of a wealthy English resident. According to the story, a Mr. Campbell, an American, who was entertained by Consul Prentis during a visit to Mauritius, spending some time as a guest of the Prentis family, asked President Cleveland, a close personal friend, to appoint him to Prentis' place. Mr. Campbell was then consul to one of the West Indian posts. Mr. Cleve-

land's lover and original author of the song was young Douglas of Finland, but whether he, as is common with lovers of poetic temperament, did not press his suit sufficiently, or whether she desired a staid husband, she gave her hand to a prosaic country laird, her cousin, Alexander Ferguson. They lived the rest of their lives at Craigdarroch House, five miles from Maxwellton, and when she died Annie was buried in the beautiful glen of the Cairn. Lady Scott Spottiswoode, who died early in the past year, was responsible for the modern version of the song.

Ten Children, All Six-Fingered.

Unique in the history of freaks is the six-fingered family of Dresbach, Minn. The family now consists of Mrs. Gaskill and ten children. The peculiarity belongs to the mother's side.

Mrs. Gaskill's maiden name was Olive Cooper. She doesn't know where she was born, but the family is probably of New York origin. She remembers only that she was a wanderer with the Cooper family at an early age, and that the Cooper family were basket-makers and venders; they led gipsy lives and crossed the continent from New York to San Francisco several times.

In the Cooper family there were ten children. Five of them had six fingers and five of them had not. The greatest peculiarity is that every alternate child, in point of age, has the extra finger, and those who are not six-fingered are blessed with an extra toe, and those who have six toes have webs between their toes. The extra fingers and toes have well-developed nails. Exactly the same conditions are found in the Gaskill family. Mrs. Gaskill was married to Zachary Gaskill thirty-two years ago, and has resided in Dresbach since then.—St. Paul Dispatch.

He Showed His Contempt.

A short time ago a portrait of Captain Percival, a former officer of the navy, was presented to the department. The captain, who died in 1862, was an odd character. He was known as "Mad Jack" Percival, because of eccentricities which on many occasions brought him in conflict with the naval authorities. The portrait was sent by Mrs. William Nicholson, but who she is the department is unable to discover. Captain Percival was sent to Morocco with his frigate to bring back a cargo of jackasses for the government, and in order to show his contempt for the employment of a war vessel for such a mission, on entering New York harbor he ran in all his guns and placed the head of a jackass through each part as the ship halted in. The sight of a double row of jackasses' heads protruding from the places where guns were looked for created a sensation at the time and "Mad Jack" narrowly escaped a reprimand.

Church with a Corkscrew Steeple.

The steeple of the parish church at Chesterfield, England, is often called the "corkscrew" steeple, for it has got quite a big twist. This is due to the action of the sun on the wooden and iron materials, and the warping is more pronounced in the case of Chesterfield church than in any other church in the country. Barnstable and Bristol and one or two other places have leaning steeples, but their tendency is decidedly to "lean" and not to "twist." The church of Chesterfield is the nearest rival in the United Kingdom to the leaning tower of Pisa.

Smoking as a Reward.

Smoking is permitted in the prisons of Belgium only as a reward for good behavior.

REALM OF MENELIK.

GREETINGS DEPEND UPON RANK AND TIME OF DAY—HOW POPULATION IS DIVIDED—NO TRAFFIC IN SLAVES IS CARRIED ON IN ABYSSINIA.

Greetings depend upon rank and time of day—how population is divided—no traffic in slaves is carried on in Abyssinia.

"Indet adru!" This is not a curse, but Abyssinian for "Good morning!" The words mean literally, "How have you spent the night?" The people of King Menelik are very punctilious in their salutations and have a carefully graded scale of greetings according to the person addressed and the time of day. Thus to an inferior or to an intimate friend instead of "Indet adru" they would say, "Indet adreh" (pronounced "adreh"—ch as in loch). "Good afternoon!" would be "Indet watu!" or "wateh!" meaning, "How have you spent the morning?" And "Good evening!" "Indet mashu," or "mashuh," i. e., "How have you spent the day?"

There is a similar complete series of good-bys for people separating at different times. Two friends parting in the evening, say one going home and the other going to his club (only they haven't clubs in Abyssinia—except wooden ones, perhaps), would say to each other, "Badehna adar" ("May you spend the night well"), which we might translate, "Good night; be good."

The Abyssinian calendar is a fearful and wonderful thing. Nearly every day is a saint's day and is known by its proper name and not by its date. For instance, if you ask an Abyssinian whether a certain thing happened on the 14th of Hadar (the equivalent of our Nov. 23) he will not understand what you mean; but if you say, "Was it on Abunt Aragwe (the name for that day) that you stole that sheep?" a comprehending smile will overspread his handsome and intelligent features.

The year is divided into twelve months of thirty days each and at the end of the year, to make up the 365 days, are added five days, called "Quagme." Each year in succession is called Matthews, Markos, Lukos, Johannis, Matthews, Markos and Johannis have each a "Quagme" of five days, but Lukos, or leap year, has a "Quagme" of six days. The Abyssinian year begins on our Sept. 11 and although, dating as we do from the birth of Christ, they are nearly eight years behind us in time—Sept. 11, 1900, was in their calendar 1st Maskaram, 1893. Their method of reckoning the hours of the day is also peculiar, to our notions. They count the day as beginning at sunrise and not at midnight, as we do. Thus, our 7 a. m. is their 1 o'clock day; 8 p. m. with us would be 2 o'clock night with them and our 4 a. m. would be their 10 o'clock night.

The whole population consists of two-fifths soldiers, two-fifths priests and one-fifth merchants, at least as far as the Abyssinians—the dominant race—are concerned. All the other necessary work of the community is performed by subject races, like the Gallas or Somalis, or domestic slaves—mostly prisoners of war captured in the western negro provinces. All Abyssinians except the very poorest employ slaves for domestic purposes. These are well cared for and are regarded after a time as members of the family.

There is no trade in slaves in Abyssinia, as they can only be procured by the king's order, which has to be shown to the governor of the province, who thereupon gives his sanction. The slaves, generally boys or girls—the former for outdoor and the latter for indoor work—are purchased from their parents at an average price of \$10 a head, but the purchaser may never resell them, though he may if he likes give them away. The soldiers lead an easy life and have no work to do except when called out to serve on an expedition. It is true their pay is only \$5 a year—cash is scarce in Abyssinia—but during peace time they are billeted on the Gallas, a subject race, who are bound to give them all they need. In addition to this munificent rate of pay, says the London Express, a paternal government provides the new recruit at the outset of his military career with a donkey free. But his rifle the soldier must provide himself, as he must also maintain his donkey.

THE POPPY.

Golden Blossoms that Greeted the California Pioneers.

Far out at sea, gleaming sheets of dazzling gold arrested the gaze of the early explorers of California. Blazing along the Pacific coast, embroidering the green foothills of the snow-capped Sierra Madre, transforming acres and acres of treeless plains into royal cloth of gold, millions of flowers of silky texture and color of gold fascinated the Spanish discoverers. An eminent botanist, Eachus, at once classified the plant, and his followers conferred his name upon this, the only native American poppy.

Dream-like in beauty, fascinating from sheer loveliness, spreading its soft undulations over the land, the California poppy bloomed above the richest views and arteries of gold the world has ever known, all unsuspected. A Circe, with powers to please, dazzle and charm by its enchantments, while it allures, hurls and mystifies, this flower of sleep seemed to draw by some occult process from the earth the elixir of gold, unfolding its blossoms of gold as beacons proclaiming: "We are blooming above rich mines of gold."

There is never a mystery about the poppy. It is a weird flower. It is almost sentient, with a life unknown to human kind. "While glory guards

with solemn tread, the bivouac of the dead," stealthily a sea of gore creeps over the old battlefields. Blood red, the poppies in waves and billows hold high carnival above the soil that covers the slain. Lord Macaulay says of the battlefield of Neerwinden: "The summer after the battle the soil, fertilized by 20,000 dead, broke forth into millions of blood-red poppies." The traveler from St. Cloud to Triermont who saw that vast field of rich scarlet stretching from Landen to Neerwinden could hardly help fancying that the figurative description of the Hebrew prophet was literally accomplished, that "The earth was disclosing her blood and refusing to cover her slain." Bayard Taylor, in "The Lands of the Saracen," says he contemplated, with feelings he could not describe, "the old battlefields of Syria, densely covered with blood-red poppies, blooming in barbaric splendor, gloating on the gore of soldiers slain." * * *

However interesting the poppy may be to men of science and to lovers of the beautiful, it is yet more so to the people of California. This beautiful, weird, gold-colored flower of gossamer texture belongs to California alone. Nowhere else in the world has it ever made its habitat. There it is naturally so profuse that it is related as a fact that, coming on a turn full face upon a blooming field of yellow poppies, dazzling in the sunshine, horses have been put to flight, as from flames of fire.—Home and Flowers.

MEDICAL USES OF TUNNELS.

Mothers in London Believe the Foul Air a Remedy.

Quite a new use has been found for the two-penny tube and the other underground railways. In addition to being methods of quick locomotion, they are also, in the opinion of many trusting mothers who have little faith in the pharmacopoeia, important sanatoria warranted to cure many of childhood's maladies. Tunnel air, it seems, is good for croup, also for whooping cough and various other ailments.

Let us hope the women will not get the idea into their heads that it is a substitute for vaccination, says the London Telegraph. A doctor who was traveling on a railway noticed that a woman in the compartment almost pulled down the window when they entered a tunnel, and held outside a child whom she was carrying, so that the youngster might get the full benefit of the foul atmosphere; and when he asked the reason of this extraordinary performance she told him that "tunnel air" had been found to be a complete cure for the croup. And the other day an east end mother was discovered by a guard on the "inner circle," because she had been told by a herbalist and bonesetter that a sulphurous atmosphere was good for the whooping cough.

Formerly the unfailing specific for the last-mentioned disorder was a visit to a gas works, but owing, doubtless, to the advance of science, the underground railway has taken the place of the gaseous system of pathology. Thus a new and beneficial era opens for tubes and tunnels, and their shareholders.

Ancient Illinois Hotel.

Situated four and a half miles west of Danvers, on the old Goodenough farm, is an old inn, or tavern, that fifty years ago was the stopping place for travelers between Bloomington and Peoria in the days when the stage coach was the only means of public travel. It was known as the "Half-Way House," and is about a mile and a half west of Woodruff, toward Lilly. It is a large, old-fashioned house, in quite good repair, and is now owned and occupied by Mr. Christ Oesch, formerly of Roberts, Ford County. Horses were changed here, and travelers were given food. Meals were served for 12½ cents, which was also the price of a night's lodging.

All travel between Peoria and Bloomington was by stage, unless one had a private vehicle of one's own and cared to make so long a journey, which was not a light thing in those days, nor was it undertaken without due preparation and much consideration. This ancient inn has stood where it now stands for the past sixty-five years.—Bloomington, Ill., Pantagraph.

In the Flowery Kingdom.

Henpecked husbands are common in China, and Chinese literature abounds with references to them. The following is a sample story: Ten henpecked husbands resolved to form a society to resist the impositions of their wives. The ten wives heard of the plan, and while the meeting for organization was in progress entered in a body. Nine of the rebellious husbands incontinently bolted, but the tenth retained his place, quite unmoved by the frightful apparition. The ten ladies, merely smiling contemptuously on the one man left behind, returned to their homes, satisfied with the success of their raid. The nine husbands thereupon returned and resolved to make the heroic tenth the president of the society. When they went, however, to inform him of the honor it was found that he had died of fright.

Favorable Argument.

"It looks like a poor automobile," complained the prospective customer. "Why, the thing would break down before it ran a mile." "Yes," agreed the dealer, "but look at the advantage of that. You would not have to walk so far to get home as you would if it would run as far as the others before blowing up."—Baltimore American.

It is too bad that in this craze to beat records a man doesn't try to buy his wife handsomer dresses than her father ever gave her.

THE ROSE LIGHT LINGERED.

The rose light lingered on the hill,
And turned to wine the waters at our feet.
The leaves that prattled by our sides
were still.
This day,—how sweet!

The sun fell down behind the crest
Uplifted dark against the western sky.
And it stood brazen-lined, in azure drest,
Within my heart—a cry.

Before her time, the silver moon
Crept shyly, all ashamed, into the light.
A star beyond the hills arose—too soon.
Then spread the Night.

Her veil of mist to hide the deeps
That once were warm. Upon our spirits,
its too,
A silence fell, even as the cool air sleeps
The grass with dew.

Yesterday! So the ages roll
Unmoved. And yet I learn that thou
shouldst know
How lingers still thy presence in my soul—
An afterglow!
—Winston Churchill in Century.

LOVE WILL FIND A WAY.

IN a small room in a tenement house in the poorer section of New York sat a young girl, silently weeping and bemoaning her lonely condition. The day before she had been called upon to part with her mother, who had died after a long, lingering illness.

Ten years before her father had been killed in a railroad accident, and the mother and daughter had been obliged to give up their comfortable home and move where cheaper rent could be procured and economy more effectually practiced. Here, in one room, by the aid of her needle, Mrs. Atwood had maintained herself and Helen.

The physician who had attended Mrs. Atwood during her illness had noticed the beautiful character and refined features of Helen, and had become deeply interested in her. Her extreme youth had prevented him from showing her too much attention.

Dr. Cutter had attained considerable reputation during his four years of practice, and, being but 26 years of age, his widowed mother predicted for him a brilliant future. "If only he would find a wealthy wife," thought the mother, "his success would be assured." But the young doctor did not seem socially inclined, and seldom met young ladies outside his profession.

But one morning at breakfast Dr. Cutter told his mother Helen's sad story, picturing her orphaned condition, and asked her if she could not invite Helen to her home until some plans for her future could be made. This worldly wise mother had at once scented danger, and, after asking Miss Atwood's address, had promised only that she would call upon her that afternoon.

Thus it happened that as a sad-faced young girl sat peering out of a window into a muddy court she saw a handsome, well-dressed lady picking her way along, and soon heard her knock at her own door. Upon being admitted the stranger introduced herself as Dr. Cutter's mother.

After having listened to Helen's pitiful story, Mrs. Cutter proceeded to question the girl as to her future. "My son has told me that you know of no relative or friend to whom you could go?" "No," answered Helen, "I have no relatives, and mother and I have been in no position to make many friends."

"And is there nothing you can do to earn your own living?" questioned the lady.

"I am afraid not, Mrs. Cutter; I am but 16 years old, and, although mother has always said she wished me to be a teacher, I fear I should make but a poor one."

Then it occurred to the lady to ask if Helen's mother had left any papers, and Helen had brought her an old desk, and after looking the contents carefully over they found a bank book in which Mrs. Atwood had an account with a New York bank for \$200 in her daughter's name. "I wonder, my dear, that you had not thought to look in this desk before," Mrs. Cutter said, and when Helen replied that she had felt too bad to touch any of her dear mother's things, the lady could but appreciate the lonely girl's feelings.

After considerable talk it was decided that Mrs. Cutter should write to the principal of a young ladies' seminary in western New York, requesting the admittance of Miss Helen Atwood to his school for a two years' course. As this gentleman was a friend of Mrs. Cutter, she hoped to interest him in the orphan girl's behalf, and said she would suggest to him that he give her some light duties in the school to perform, thus enabling Helen to earn her board. Promising to attend to the matter at once, she bade Helen a cordial farewell and hastened to her own home, where her son was awaiting her.

"Well, mother, are we to entertain Miss Atwood?" inquired the doctor. His mother shot a keen glance in his direction, and proceeded to relate her plans for Helen. Although deeply disappointed, he could not but admit the advisability of Helen's education being continued.

Things worked so successfully that in a week's time Dr. Cutter found himself taking a final look at Helen's sweet face. "Remember, you are to write me, my child," he cried, as the "All aboard" warned him he must leave the train. Some way, as he walked toward home, he wondered why the brightness had all gone out of the day, and why everybody seemed to look so forlorn.

During the long two years that followed, his heart was gladdened by an

CHRONOLOGY OF CUBA LIBRE.

1898.
Battleship Maine blown up in the harbor of Havana, while there on a friendly visit. Feb. 15.
Message sent by President McKinley to Congress in regard to blowing up of the Maine. April 11.
Congress passed resolutions recognizing independence of Cuba and demanding that Spain relinquish her authority. April 20.
President issued call for 125,000 volunteers. April 23.
Congress passed resolutions declaring that a state of war existed. April 25.
Dewey destroyed the Spanish fleet in the harbor of Manila. May 1.
Sampson bombarded the fortifications at San Juan. May 12.
Schley sailed with the flying squadron from Key West. May 13.
Schley arrived at Santiago de Cuba. May 22.
Army sailed from Key West for Cuba. June 15.
Landing and battle at Las Guasimas. June 20.
Victory of El Caney and San Juan hill. July 1-2.
Gen. Shafter calls for reinforcements. July 3.
Battle of Santiago. July 3.
Shafter demands surrender of Santiago. July 3.
Truce declared. July 12.
Articles of capitulation at Santiago approved. July 16.
Surrender of Santiago. July 17.
Peace protocol. Aug. 12.
Peace commissioners sent to Paris. Oct. 1.
Evacuation of Puerto Principe and other provinces. Dec. 5.
Provisional government proclaimed by Gen. Wood. Oct. 21.
Treaty of Paris signed. Dec. 10.
S. 45 p. m.
Gen. Garcia died in Washington. Dec. 11.

Spanish control of Cuba finally relinquished. Last troops left Havana; Tenth infantry, U. S. A., took up quarters in city. Dec. 31.

1899.
Provisional government by the United States; work of cleaning, renovating and restoring order.

1900.
Ditto, and taking census, preparatory to holding elections.

1901.
Cuban constitutional convention assembled. January. Congress passed Platt resolutions providing for American suzerainty. March 2. Cuban constitutional convention accepted Platt resolutions. June 12. Cuban law promulgated by Gov. Gen. Wood and elections held. Dec. 31.

1902.
Delegates elected at popular elections met and chose Gen. Estrada Palma as first President of the republic of Cuba. Feb. 24.

President began preparation for formally turning over government to Cubans. March 24.

American troops gradually withdrawn. March 24-May 19.

Piñeros and general celebration all over island. May 10-19.

Final transfer of government to Cubans. May 20.

The Promise.

"That the United States hereby disclaims any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction, or control over said island, except for the pacification thereof, and asserts its determination, when this is accomplished, to leave the government and control of the island to its people."—Section III, resolutions passed by Congress April 20, 1898.

Four years and twenty-two days later the promise was fulfilled.

occasional letter from Helen, which told of her interest in her studies and friends. As the end of the second year drew near, the doctor again requested his mother to invite Miss Atwood to their home to spend the summer vacation. And a second time was the son refused. "For it would only turn out in a love affair," thought this far-sighted mother, "and I want a rich wife for my boy."

A few weeks later Dr. Cutter was seated in the reception room of the Young Ladies' Seminary of Westport, anxiously awaiting Miss Atwood. As he heard soft footsteps approaching and raised his eyes in eager expectation, there in the open doorway stood Helen Atwood in all the beauty of her young womanhood. He saw a smile of welcome upon her lovely face as she advanced to meet her old friend. And there in the deepening shadows of an early twilight the old, old story was once more gone over. "Helen, darling, may I take you home with me as my treasured wife?" And as he stooped to hear her softly answered "Yes," he could not but see the love-light in her dear eyes.

In the morning a message flashed over the wires, addressed to Mrs. Cutter. It read:

My wife and I arrive on the 9 o'clock express from Westport. Be prepared to receive us.
H. A. CUTTER.

And Mrs. Cutter in a graceful manner submitted to the inevitable—Boston Post.

Cowper's Pets.

Cowper, the poet, was exceedingly fond of pets, and had a very charming style of writing about them. "I have a kitten, my dear," he says, in a letter to a friend, "the drollest of all creatures that ever wore a cat's skin. In point of size she is likely to be a kitten always, being extremely small of her age; but time, I suppose, that spoils everything, will make her, also, a cat."

"You will see her, I hope, before that melancholy period shall arrive; for no wisdom she may gain by experience and reflection hereafter will compensate for the loss of her present hilarity. She is dressed in a tortoise shell suit, and I know you will delight in her."

He also had a dog which had lain too near the fire, and got the hair singed from its back, and nothing was left of the tail "but the gristle."

"Allowing for this," said his master, "he is really handsome; and when nature shall have furnished him with a new coat he will be unrivalled in personal endowments."

Again he concocted a letter purporting to be written by an owl.

"The nights," says the bird of wisdom, "being short at this time of the year, my epistle will probably be so, too; and it strains my eyes to write when it is not so dark as pitch. I am likewise much distressed for ink, the blackberry juice I had bottled up having been all exhausted. A neighboring physician, a goat of great experience, has attended me in a violent fit of the pip. I must have shed almost every feather in my tail, and must not hope for a new pair of breeches till next spring. So I shall think myself very happy if I escape the chin-cough, which is generally very rife in the moulting season."

Cure for Faulty Speech.

The habit of stammering is one that children easily acquire, but which is difficult to cure. So great has been the recent increase in this fault or infirmity, whichever it may be, in Germany that in the schools throughout the empire a special course of instruction has been started for children so afflicted. In Berlin six specialists engaged by the Board of Education devote twelve hours a week to this work. One and a half per cent of all the school children

in Germany stutter. As in nearly all cases the difficulty in speaking arises from a peculiar nervous condition and is not due to any physical malformation, the specialists are confident of being able to cure nearly all the cases which they find.

The system of cure consists largely in making the child speak slowly, in teaching him how to properly use his lips and tongue in forming words, and in correcting his nervousness. That stammering can be cured has been realized since the time that Demosthenes walked by the seashore declaiming with a pebble in his mouth. It is a little singular that the Germans, who have been supposed to be a race rather lacking in nervousness, should suddenly develop into a nation of stutters. Perhaps the strenuous life into which the Emperor has plunged the country has been a little too much for its nervous system.

To Cure a Cold.

Here is a story ringing with antagonism against the adage which has it that "in a multitude of counselors there is wisdom."

"Uncle," asked a young man, "do you know of anything that's good for a cold?"

Uncle opened his desk, took from one of the pigeonholes a large number of newspaper clippings tied with a string, and threw it into his nephew's lap.

"Do I know of anything that is good for a cold?" he echoed. "My young friend, I know of six hundred and twenty-seven infallible ways of curing a cold. I've been collecting them for forty-nine years. You try these, one after the other, and, if they don't do you any good, come back and I'll give you a hundred or two more. Bless me," added the old gentleman, with enthusiasm, "you can always cure a cold if you go at it with a will!"

He produced a bundle of yellow time-stained clippings out of another pigeonhole, and the visitor hastily coughed himself out.

The Czarina's Choice.

The Russian Empress seems to be something of an athlete. On one occasion, while paying a visit to an art studio, the public congregated outside in large numbers in the hope of seeing her as she came out. But their curiosity was never satisfied, for the Czarina asked one of the attendants if there was an exit at the back of the house. To this he replied in the affirmative, but added that the way was stopped by a board. "That does not matter," answered her majesty; "if you get me a ladder I will soon climb over the plank." The ladder having been placed in position, the Empress of Russia climbed it, jumped over the plank, and thus succeeded in avoiding the unwelcome attentions of the over-enthusiastic populace.

Why He Roosted High.

A Broadway merchant vouches for the following: "I was entertaining an out-of-town customer the other day. He hadn't much to say, so I kept him busy with questions, in the effort to make him think he was having a good time. The Waldorf was his hotel; yes, he was enjoying the trip; he had comfortable accommodations at the hotel. 'The room's on the eighteenth floor, anyway,' he remarked.

"Did you go so high because the house was crowded?"

"No. I picked out the room. You see, I read about the subway explosions in the newspapers—how the effect was not felt above the tenth floor of buildings near by. I got above the danger line."—New York Post.

Smart Dog.

Bizzer—Simpkins has a smart dog. Buzzer—What does he do? Buzzer—He doesn't do anything that Simpkins tells him—that's what I mean when I say he's smart.—Ohio State Journal.



Of the 3,000 journeymen carpenters of Chicago, 95 per cent of them are in the ranks of the union. A recent census by business agents found the men at work on 648 buildings.

The wage schedule under which the firemen of the Erie Railroad have worked for many years past has been revised, and concessions have been made to the men which will materially increase their pay.

Cleveland carpenters have secured an advance of two and one-half cents an hour. The agreement provides for the employment of union men only and a minimum wage scale of 35 cents an hour. The advance benefits about 2,000 men.

E. D. Brigham, a member of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, has been appointed Labor Commissioner of the State of Iowa, to succeed C. F. Wennerstrom, who has received the appointment of commissioner of the St. Louis Exposition to the governments of Sweden, Norway and Denmark.

The government of Germany appears as the purchaser of patent rights, covering all Europe except Great Britain and France, for an automatic switchboard manufactured in Chicago that will displace a telephone system of 40,000 instruments. Many operators will be forced to seek other employment, as one person can keep an entire system in order.

The stove polishers, buffers and platers may enter into an agreement with the Stove Founders' National Defense Association that all disputes shall be made the subject of arbitration. President Lynch, of the Metal Polishers, Buffers, Platers and Brass Workers' International Union, for over one year has been negotiating with the founders' association for such an understanding. The question will be laid before the locals for a vote.

The Supreme Court of Porto Rico has released Santiago Inglesias, president of the Federation of Workmen of Porto Rico, sentenced Dec. 12 last to three years, four months and eight days' imprisonment on the charge of conspiring to raise the price of labor in Porto Rico. In presenting the appeal counsel for Inglesias dwelt on the constitutional rights of people to assemble peacefully. The public prosecutor, to the surprise of the court, sustained and strengthened the argument of the defense. He said the appeal was well taken, but in no evidence for the prosecution, and practically asked the court to dismiss the case.

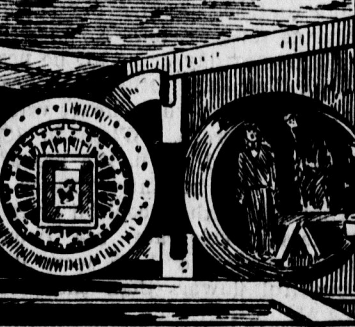
LARGEST STEEL VAULT.

It Is 53x38 Feet, and Belongs to a New York Bank.

At a cost of \$185,000 a New York safe deposit company has just completed a steel vault 53 feet 6 inches wide, 39 feet 6 inches deep and 8 feet 6 inches high—the largest in the world. The entrance to this great fire and burglar-proof room is fortified by a gigantic circular steel door. This monster barrier, behind which will repose millions, weighs 42,000 pounds, and the hinges themselves tip the scales at several tons, yet the workmen fastened it in place without trouble.

To all purposes it is not much more than a gigantic toy, for a child can swing it back and forth. This is made possible by the well oiled ball bearings on which it acts. The door, which is eight feet in diameter and 24 inches thick, is made of Remington special and chrome steel. Around the outside of its circular edge is a groove and tongue that interlock with the jam in to which it fits, and when its 24 three and one-half inch bolts have been shifted into place it presents an impenetrable surface. Controlling the bolts are a four-movement mechanism and 72-hour time locks. In addition to these there is a combination lock that is used in case of emergency.

The great vault into which it opens is nothing more than a huge box of steel. It will contain 16,000 safe deposit boxes. It took fifteen months to complete it.



THE VAULT.

The Russian Government has undertaken the completion of a great petroleum pipe line from the oil wells of Baku, on the Caspian Sea, to the port of Batum on the Black Sea, a distance of about 550 miles, following the axis of the Caucasus range of mountains. Several years may be required to finish the work, but when the line is in operation it will be capable of transporting 625,000,000 gallons a year, and the intention is to compete in the world's markets with American petroleum.

There is too much playing to the grand stand. When a weak, wobbly makes its appearance, is it necessary for a woman to break off conversation with her guests, and chase it to prove she is a neat housekeeper?

THE YOUNG MAN'S AGE

DEMAND FOR YOUTH IN EDUCATION AND BUSINESS.

An Unbiased View of the Really Remarkable Movement that Is Now Taking Place—Problems Which Its Existence Bring Into Being.

Two very remarkable movements are discernible in the business and the education of the times; and yet, when we come to examine them, we find that the tendencies have been clearly in view for more than a decade. Six years ago the present writer went to the president of one of the large corporations of this country and asked him to give employment to a man who had turned his forty-eighth year. There were personal reasons why he should grant such a request, and the person for whom the place was sought was entirely acceptable in character, ability and health. The president replied: "I want to do this, but it is impossible. The age of the young man is crowding upon modern business so fast that he will soon monopolize it. We take no one who has passed 45—we cannot afford to do it. But I will tell you what I will do. If this man has a son anywhere from 15 to 25 years old I'll find a position for him at once." So far has this tendency already gone that the problem of getting rid of employees above a certain age is now under discussion, and so great has been the uneasiness that several of the large concerns have issued statements that the old men will not be discharged.

At the same time practically all of them are taking on only young men, and the demand has made a profound impression upon the highest colleges and universities of the country. It has been shown that if a student goes through all the courses to the post-graduate specializations he is about 30 before he gets into active life—and modern business needs him at least five years before that time. It is not a mere sentiment but a real conviction which contends that the years lost from work between 20 and 30 are in a measure stolen from the lives of the students. This may be an extreme view, but many, if not most, of our leaders in industry and in the professions believe it is true. That there will come a change—a compromise, perhaps—seems to be one of the certainties of the near future.

Along with the increasing hold of the young men comes the problem of caring for those who have passed into what is sweepingly called old age. It is not fair to set limits on any individual. So long as he is able to do his work and do it acceptably he is entitled to every opportunity and advantage. We do not refer, of course, to the old men of signal ability and success, for the grave is the only stop to their energies and usefulness, and it would be easy to fill many columns with names of those who are past 70 who are holding their own with the best that the younger generations can show. But there is an army of millions of wrinkled and white-haired veterans who have toiled faithfully and well all their lives, and upon whom others are dependent. Their welfare brings into prominence the system of old-age pensions which has been pursued in Germany more successfully than anywhere else, and which has been introduced by several of the important corporations in the United States. This may be the solution of the other end of the problem, while the young men keep on crowding into the offices and workshops and accomplishing the great things of an advancing civilization by their skill, quickness and enthusiasm.—Saturday Evening Post.

UTAH HAS A MODEL TOWN.

Mormons Claim Only Successful Experiment in Local Government.

There is one town in the United States whose inhabitants do not hunger for the flesh pots of other communities laying claim to a higher degree of culture. The place is named Vernal, and it is situated not far from the reservation of Uintah Indians in Utah. One of its attractions is that there has never been any local tax levied on the townspeople, for the reason that the sensible system of city government provides a perfectly adequate income without the necessity of taxation. Nothing is given away by the city government of Vernal. If any franchise or privileges are desired they must be paid for and paid for at their full value. Saloons are looked upon as a luxury that can be dispensed with, but as the town is not a total abstinence community the saloons are allowed to exist by the payment of a large fee to the treasury.

Crime is taxed to the utmost. Fines rather than imprisonment are the punishment for evildoers. Instead of a prisoner being supported for a term at the expense of the city he is mulcted in a sum deemed commensurate with the enormity of the offense and the money goes to the town's exchequer. In this way the burden of the city's expenses is placed on the shoulders of those who deserve to be made to bear it, and the well-behaved citizen instead of suffering by the action of the wrongdoer in being compelled to support him in jail actually benefits by his wrongdoing in the absence of taxation.

So proud are the citizens of Vernal of their model town that the city officials almost invariably turn back into the treasury the amounts received for salary. The only man who is really paid by the town for his work is the city marshal, who devotes his whole time to the duties of his office.

As might be expected, the town is splendidly laid out, possessing miles of

asphalted streets, one of the finest school buildings in the West and ample means for the building of more as they are needed. No breath of suspicion has ever been directed at the officials of the town. Their action in refusing to receive salaries might in itself divert any suspicion of "boodling." The town numbers about 4,000 persons, and as its admirable system of government is attracting numbers to take up their residence there it is probable that it will emerge from comparative obscurity during the next few years and become one of the most important cities of the West.

WIVES AND BEATINGS.

Women Discuss the Amount of Abuse Their Sex Should Endure.

"How much beating should a wife bear before she made up her mind to leave her husband?" was one of the main subjects discussed to-day at the women's conference of the In-His-Name Society in All Souls' Church, at Madison avenue and 66th street. In the opinion of Mrs. Louise Seymour Houghton, editor of a religious newspaper, the wife should submit rather than leave her husband to be at the mercy of bad influences.

Mrs. Houghton said that, although there were times in the present state of society when a divorce seemed necessary, a higher and more ideal state would make such a thing impossible. She called attention to the stormy domestic life of the prophet Hosea, in order to show to what extent one partner should bear with the indiscretions and the sins of the other.

The sentiments produced a sensation, and there was a murmur of dissent.

One of those present asked if the woman injured by an intoxicated husband should remain with him. Mrs. Houghton said that she had known many noble wives and mothers whose husbands had beaten them every Saturday night. The speaker said that it would be better for the family if the injured wife had the grace and the strength of mind, and, above all, the love for her husband, to hold to her family relations.

Mrs. Elizabeth B. Grannis suggested that such treatment of a wife on the part of a husband was degrading to the marriage relation. Mrs. Houghton answered that one soul could not degrade another without that soul's consent. She said that she had known in the lower walks of life of husbands who had beaten and ill-treated their wives, and that, after all, they had come around all right; whereas, if the wives had left their lords and masters, the men might have gone irretrievably to the bad.

"What I wish to ask," said Mrs. Arthur Smith, "is, how long should a wife submit to beating before she leaves her husband?"

"Mrs. Houghton, if I understand her correctly," replied Mrs. Grannis, "said there was no limit. Now, there was John Wesley, whose wife dragged him around the house by the hair of his head. It seems to me that it would have been more dignified had he resented it."—New York Correspondence Baltimore Sun.

An Obliging Caller.

When Monsieur Clemenceau was in the French Chamber of Deputies, he became, for some reason, the idol of the working man; but his popularity, according to the course of nature, brought its penalties. He was besieged by all sorts of people, who came merely to ask questions, and sometimes they were questions of the most trivial sort.

He was originally a doctor, and used to give advice for nothing at certain hours of the day. One morning a working man entered his room, and Clemenceau said, without looking up from his writing:

"Take off your coat and shirt. I'll attend to you directly."

Three minutes later he found the man had stripped to the waist.

"There is nothing the matter with you," said the doctor, when he had made an examination.

"I know there isn't," returned the man.

"Then what did you come for?"

"To consult you on a political question."

"But what did you strip for?"

"I thought you wanted an illustration of the emaciated body of the man who lives by the sweat of his brow."

The political question remained unanswered. Monsieur Clemenceau was too exasperated to do more than tell the man to dress and go home.

From Tomahawk to Shoo-Brush.

Sitting Bull's eldest son is a boot-black. His name is Montezuma, and he is a graduate of the Carlisle Indian School.

After his schooling he went to Philadelphia full of ambition, and musing over the profession he would adopt. At first it seemed to him that he might be a banker, and then, when no one seemed inclined to help him along that path, a master merchant. But he was beginning to learn that there is no royal road to riches, and he thereupon decided that he would black shoes.

For a few cents he bought the regulation kit, and it was not long before he could send for Winona, from the Rosebud Agency, the girl who had promised to marry him. Instead of the soap-box which Montezuma once carried for an outfit, he now has a handsome stand, and this descendant of a line of chiefs is building up a more flourishing business every day. Best of all, he lays his success to Carlisle; for, as he says, he learned there how to do things well, the small as well as the great.

Lots of women say they will never wear mourning, but when the time comes they give in.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1902.

The San Francisco Stock Exchange building has been sold and there is a prospect that the old rotten Stock Exchange Board may soon go out of existence. The sooner it is dead and out of sight the better. When it is gone Pauper Alley may find a better name and use.

The National movement for the reclamation of the arid lands through irrigation is of comparatively recent origin, but such has been its importance and merit that an irrigation bill on broad lines has been enacted into law. The National Irrigation Association is entitled to great credit for this early and gratifying result. The beginning of the great work under National auspices which is to "make the desert blossom as the rose" and convert arid America into an arable empire, affording countless homes for the hungry homeseekers of this vast country, is now in sight. It is the greatest and grandest step this Government has taken since the homestead law was first placed upon our National Statute books.

The New York Commercial revives the report of the extension of the Gould railroad system to the Pacific Coast. Deals recently concluded give the Gould system an imposing list of properties, which with a few miles of connecting lines that will be built in the near future, will form a through line from the Atlantic seaboard to Salt Lake, Utah. The Clark road which is under construction from Salt Lake to tidewater at San Pedro, Cal., will, it is claimed, be allied with the Gould interests when completed. The Poniatowski project for a north and south line through California, will be built, it is avowed, for the purpose of giving the Clark road entrance into San Francisco. Should the Gould system enter Los Angeles, it will have to come to San Francisco to make it a paying proposition.

ELECTRICAL LEAKAGE.

One of the Great Dangers Which Threaten Men.

The greatest dangers which threaten man are generally invisible to the victim, and among these none is more productive of disastrous consequences than "electrical leakage," the selfsame leakage used by the natives of all hot climates to lower their temperatures. As no organic function can take place except by means of electrical currents, so it can be easily understood that if these currents leak from our bodies the loss of power must be distinctly harmful. A common instance of this loss of electricity from our bodies consists of what we call a nervous shock, the scientific explanation being that a sudden egress of electricity takes place owing to the violent mental impressions involuntarily forcing a current of power through channels which had not been previously open to receive them.

"This," remarked a scientist, "is but one case among a thousand of the ways in which we uselessly expend our vital power. The electrical waste of a person is entirely due to his surroundings—the seat upon which you sit, the table upon which you write, the floor, the ceiling, the fireplace, the rays and colors of light which surround you, all may be instrumental in absorbing your electricity, to the great detriment of your health. Red or yellow light waves excite electricity within you, blue and violet waves exhaust it, while green waves are practically neutral in their effect.

"The air you breathe places you in direct communication with the walls, windows or hearth of your room; if, owing to the manner in which they are constructed, they place you in electrical communication with the soil on which your house is built, an 'earth return' is formed, and the electricity in man's condenser—the brain—is drawn out of the body. When one stands in the vicinity of a place of electrical exhaustion one ought to face it, as the base of the skull and spine, being the center of the nervous system, are more sensitive to outside influences than is the more covered front of the body. This is why one feels so tired when sitting with one's back to a fire; the flames serve as conductors and extract the force from the exposed nervous centers."—Pearson's Magazine.

Shelley.

Shelley read with close attention all the works he could find antagonizing Christianity. He thought he was an atheist, but was mistaken, as there is not a more spiritual writer in our language than he. He read the Bible with great care, and some of his finest imagery is borrowed from its pages.—Literary Life.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.

TEARS pay no taxes.
Stress makes strong.
A recipe is not a cake.
Liking leads to love and love to likeness.
The braggart deceives no one but himself.
A selfish success is a sad failure.
Heaven oft takes in what earth casts out.

Cowardly fear finds no favor with God.
Many words do not make much wisdom.

God's sympathy is not exhausted in sighs.

A racket is a revival of nothing but noise.

Actual liberty centers in essential loyalty.

It takes a great man to comprehend himself.

The church is weakened by wicked wealth.

Many a man must lose his all to find himself.

Sincerity is the best sermon against hypocrisy.

Religion without joy is a sun without light.

The true martyr does not hire out to a museum.

The path to greatness with God lies open to all.

It is hard to be healed when we hide our wounds.

When God's showers cease man's supplies fail.

A state religion does not make a religious state.

The great life is made up of greatness in little.

No man fails of success who conquers himself.

Success is not salvation but salvation is success.

The pearls of truth lie deep in the sea of patience.

A man may be judged by his judgments of others.

God wants flowers on hearts more than on altar-cloths.

It is still worth while to be right no matter who is wrong.

The foolish bark at truth because it is a stranger to them.

No one is nearer heaven by belonging to the upper classes of society.

The things that make us happy are those to which we have given our hearts.

Hearts that will not melt in the sunshine of love will melt in the flame of wrath.

HOW TO BE LUCKY.

Our Future Is Almost Entirely in Our Own Hands.

There is no luck in life. Luck is of our own making. Talent helps a man to obtain success, but it is character which secures it for him. A man will succeed with character and very little talent, and will never succeed without character, whatever talent he may have at his disposal. By character I mean honesty, steadiness of purpose, tact, perseverance, industry, sobriety, self-control, and strict punctuality. The man who possesses these qualities is bound to be successful, simply because he is wanted, indispensable, everywhere. No one wants shrewdness without honesty, diplomacy without sincerity.

Luck simply means rising at six in the morning, living on five shillings a day if you make ten shillings, minding your own business, and not meddling with other people's. Luck means the hardships and privations which you have not hesitated to endure, the long nights that you have devoted to work; luck means the appointments that you have never failed to keep, the trains you have never failed to catch. Luck comes to those who know how to help themselves, and know how to wait; luck means trusting in God and in your own resources, a religion whose motto is, "Help yourself and heaven will help you." The only way to be lucky—that is to say to be successful—is to make yourself indispensable by your reliability, pleasant by your cheerfulness; respected for your honesty and sincerity.—Max O'Rell.

Why He Won His Case.

It was a Boston lawyer who in the heat of his argument referred in colloquial terms to the colored gentleman in the woodpile. When he sat down it occurred to him that it was an awful crack to make, especially as there was a colored man on the jury.

The jury took the case and, not a little to his surprise, found for his client. As the jurors left the room the colored man said to the lawyer:

"Thought we were going to find against you, didn't you?"

"Yes, I was a little afraid you would," replied the lawyer.

"That didn't make any difference with me," said the colored man; "I knew what you meant."—Boston Record.

No Evidence.

Judge—Upon what evidence did you arrest this man?

Policeman—On his resemblance to a newspaper picture of him.

Judge—Prisoner, you are excused.—Ohio State Journal.

We often hear of the sweet simplicity of childhood, yet every mother considers her baby cunning.

DELICIOUS NEWS AND GOSSIP.



ment is the life of an animal; it counts for nothing. The soul must be fed as well as the body, and it flourishes in health only when you love your kind and are ready to lift the load from the shoulders of friend or stranger without the hope of any other reward than the approval of God and the smile of the angels. If you will you can make your life grand in that way. Get for yourself and family but as you get give. The giving and not the getting is the main point.—George Hepworth.

The Pearl Diver.

The Christian is like the pearl diver, who is out of the sunshine for a little, spending his short days amid the rocks and weeds and dangers at the bottom of the ocean. Does he desire to spend his future life there? No, but his Master wants him to. Is his life there? No, his life is up above. A communication is open to the surface, and the fresh, pure life comes down to him, and from God. Is he not wasting time there? He is gathering pearls for his Master's crown. Will he always stay there? When the last pearl is gathered, the "Come up higher" will beckon him away, and the weights which kept him down will become an exceeding weight of glory, and he will go, and these he brings with him, to his Father.—Prof. Drummond.

A Broken and Contrite Heart.

Though other things may be worse for breaking, yet a heart is never at the best till it be broken; for till it be broken we cannot see what is in it; till it be broken it cannot send forth its sweetest odor. And, therefore, though God loves a whole heart in affection, yet He loves a broken heart in sacrifice. And no marvel, since it is He himself that breaks it. Therefore accept, O God, my broken heart, which I offer Thee with a whole heart, seeing Thou canst neither except against that for being whole which Thou hast broken, nor except against that for being whole which Thou hast broken, nor except against that for being broken which is whole in affection.—Sir Richard Baker.

Wayside Ministry.

The wayside ministry is far more effective than the ministry of the pulpit. Most preaching is done to those who need it least and reaches the really needy only as it is distilled through the first hearers into lives which others see. If the people would only realize that at best the preacher can only place in their hands his sublime message; they must carry it out into the world; they must so interpret it by the beauty and sincerity and cheerfulness and kindness of word and act that he who runs may read. A really Christian man going about his daily life as a constant ministry, reaches every week a larger congregation than the most popular preacher.—Universalist Leader.

A Heavenly Anointing.

Mr. Spurgeon was once pleading for conduct which would attract men to Christ, and said, "They used in the old times to catch pigeons and send them out with unguents on their wings; other pigeons followed them to the dove-cote for the sake of their perfume, and so were captured. I would that every one of us had the heavenly anointing on our wings, the divine perfumes of peace, and joy, and rest; for then others would be fascinated to Jesus and allured to heaven."

Christ as an Example.

Mark Guy Pearse says: "My faith in perfection is very weak when I look at others. It is extinguished altogether when I look at myself. But when I look at Jesus I can believe in nothing else." Looking at Jesus makes one desire to be like Him—to walk as He walked, in God's light and be clean all through. In Psalms xxxvii, 5, we read: "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass."

The Best Prayers.

Canon Farrar says: "That prayer of an unhappy queen: 'Oh, keep me innocent! Make others great! That prayer of a great saint, 'Give me, O Lord, a noble heart, which nothing earthly can drag down! that prayer of a sinful yet saintly king: 'Teach me to do the thing that pleaseth Thee, for Thou art my God. Let Thy loving spirit lead me into the land of righteousness,'—those are among the best prayers I know."

Rewards of Life.

The man who sees in life the opportunity to express himself in the largest terms, who, after ascertaining what faculties he has determines to develop them to the highest possible efficiency, who is capable of seeing the sweetness and joy that lie all about him, who, being proud, does not allow his body or mind to be defiled, he is the one who obtains the big rewards, the big successes.—Mental Growth and Control.

God Is All.

God is all to thee; if thou be hungry, he is bread; if thirsty, he is water; if in darkness, he is light; if naked, he is robe of mortality.—Saint Augustine.

Pay of English Soldiers.

The English soldier's pay is \$7.50 a month. The soldier of no other country except the United States gets so much.

Many a man's success is due to his pluck. He plucks nearly everything there is in sight.

FLOWER AND TREE.

There is a pink variety of lily of the valley which is often grown in England, though seldom seen with us.

A palm tree which grows on the banks of the Amazon has leaves thirty to fifty feet in length and ten to twelve feet in breadth.

Standard and "stand by" plants and varieties should be the rule of the beginner. Experiment with new flowers and varieties only in a small way.

Study color effects if you would have a really beautiful garden. The loveliest colors often neutralize each other sadly. Clear reds and magentas, for instance, should not be close neighbors.

Know the plants as you would people if you would have them respond fully. Find out their habits, their likes and dislikes. The study is one of unending pleasure, and it pays rich interest in perpetual bloom.

Linnia plants are good for low hedges. Plants a foot and a half apart will soon run branches together, and the foliage is dense from the ground up. The flowers are almost as brilliant as those of the dahlia and are produced freely from July to late October.

Speaking of Royalty.

Damocles had been invited to dine with the king of Syracuse. Upon taking his seat he instantly saw the sword hanging by a hair above his head. "I suppose," he said to the king, "you call that the hair apparent." Dionysius, pretending to see no humor in the remark, replied, "I don't know about that, my boy, but if it falls upon your head it will make some crown prints."

This shows that the ancients were not averse to joking even under trying circumstances.—New York Times.

Order in the House.

The French parliament was not always famous for the excitement and turmoil of its debates. In the old monarchial days, before the revolution, the sessions of the old parliament were exceedingly dull and prosy affairs.

One day, it is related, a noble count was trying to make a speech, and a very prosy speech it was, while all the other members were either chatting or resting.

Presently the president of the body rapped slightly with his baton.

"If those gentlemen who are talking to each other," said he, "would kindly make no more noise than those gentlemen who are snoring, it would be much appreciated by those gentlemen who are trying to listen."

Winning Her Papa.

She—When you go to ask papa, the first thing he will do will be to accuse you of seeking my hand merely to become his son-in-law.

He—Yes? And then—

"And then you must agree with him. He's a lot prouder of himself than he is of me."

The Chief End.

"What," inquired the student, "do you regard as the chief end of man?" "Well," answered the professor, "it depends upon what you want the man for. If you want him to do brain work it's his head, and if you want him to run errands it's his feet."

Mammy—Bless mah heart, if de chile ain't cuttin' his eyetooth!

Little Rastus (in alarm)—What's an eyetooth, mammy?

Mammy—Why, de eyetooth, chile, watches ebry word dat yo' tongue uttels, an' ebry time yo' says a bad word it'll pain dat good eyetooth so much dat it'll ache fo' two houhs!—Puck.

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TOWN NEWS

Don't forget the Red Men's ball this evening.

Alex Gordon of Redwood City was in town Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Pat Ferriter paid our town a visit Tuesday.

Public school closed for summer vacation last Friday.

Charley Johnson has Michenfelder's new building enclosed.

Mr. R. K. Patchell is about to build a cottage near the packing house.

Andy Hynding is at Paraiso Springs for a brief and much needed rest.

Frank Miner spent a couple of days visiting at San Jose the past week.

Contractor Buckman is finishing up on the grade for the big oil tank reservoir.

The grade for the electric road between Holy Cross and Baden is about completed.

Supervisor Debenedetti came up from Redwood Monday to visit his son and nephew.

Several of our citizens went to the city Monday and Tuesday as witnesses in the Gallery-Stegemeier case.

The Butchers' organ raffle has been postponed and will take place on Saturday evening, June 28th at Butchers' Hall.

Keep your optics open for the advent of one or more new enterprises which will make this summer in this burg a lively one.

Robert Britton came up from Baden Saturday for a few hours visit at his ranch near Machado schoolhouse.—Morgan Hill Sun-Times.

Mr. H. R. Painton, in company with his wife, J. C. Renowden, went this week on a camping trip to Pescadero and vicinity.

Mrs. N. Thompson of San Jose and Mrs. Ferguson of San Francisco are the guests of Mrs. R. Painton at the Patchell residence.

Look out vigilantly for fire. Clean up all rubbish about your premises. Everything now is dry as tinder and a spark may start a conflagration.

The various Tribes and Councils of the Improved Order of Red Men of San Francisco, San Mateo and Alameda counties will picnic at Glen Park, San Francisco, on July 4th.

Mr. J. C. Brown of Salinas left for home Wednesday after paying a five days' visit to his son, P. R. Brown. Mr. Brown Sr. is a veteran of the Civil War and commander of J. B. Steadman Post, G. A. R. at Salinas.

On behalf of himself and his father's family, Mr. Andrew Hynding thanks the employees of the Western Meat Company and the good people of our town for the sympathy shown Mr. Hynding's family in their late bereavement.

Real estate bought and sold; houses rented; taxes paid; conveyancing done; leases and other legal papers drawn by E. E. Cunningham, real estate agent and notary public. Post-office building.

The finest drive out of San Francisco is the San Bruno road, and W. R. Markt, proprietor of "The Real Thing," keeps a genuine wayside inn on that highway, where comfort and good cheer is dispensed with cordial hospitality.—Times, San Mateo.

Contractor Buckman has the grade for the S. P. Company's big oil tank reservoir nearly finished. The grades and embankments are so constructed as to provide for discharging oil from tanks to the railroad trains by gravity.

R. K. Patchell came up from South San Francisco on Saturday, accompanied by Geo. Young and his two daughters, Misses Jennie and Maggie, and his sons Charley and Dwight, who will remain some days at the Patchell ranch, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. Kelley.—Morgan Hill Sun-Times.

If you desire to feel safe, sleep sound and fortify your credit, don't fail to have a policy of fire insurance to cover your property, and to secure such protection in sound companies, call on E. E. Cunningham, at Postoffice building.

One of the most important attractions of which San Mateo boasts is its magnificent bathing beach, and gradually this resort is becoming famous along this peninsula. Picnic excursions from various towns along the line are becoming of frequent occurrence. On Friday last the Baptist Sunday school of Palo Alto held its annual picnic at the beach.—Leader, San Mateo.

While climbing into a cart with a loaded shotgun near Redwood City on Monday morning a boy named Stone almost caused the death of his father. The trigger caught in some manner, the weapon was discharged, and the charge took effect in Mr. Stone's right shoulder. He will lose his arm, and possibly his life, as he is in a precarious condition.—Leader, San Mateo.

Mr. Henry Michenfelder has sold to Mr. F. D. Petri his Armour Hotel business and furniture and leased to Mr. Petri for five years the hotel building and lot. Mr. Petri took charge of the hotel on Thursday. Mr. Michenfelder has owned and managed the Armour Hotel for ten years and by his integrity and square dealing has won the confidence and esteem of every one. He retires on account of ill health. We wish Mr. Petri success.

An insane patient from the Gardner Sanitarium at Belmont escaped on Wednesday last, and the managers of the institution caused all the peace officers in this vicinity to be on the look out for him. He was armed with club, and being a dangerous customer to deal with caused the searchers to be on their metal test they be taken unawares. Marshal Wallace and Constable Wagner finally captured the man in a field near Millbrae, and after some difficulty succeeded in returning him to the institution. The managers of the sanitarium will find a general clamor on the part of the people that the Supervisors enact

suitable restrictions on the conduct of institutions of this character, unless more care is exercised to keep the dangerous inmates from roaming about and terrorizing the people of the county.—Leader, San Mateo.

A BRUTAL MURDER.

Redwood City, June 15.—Joseph Briggan, a Swiss dairyman in the mountains back of this place, was brought to the County Jail last night and charged with a most atrocious murder, his victim being a man named Mattle, a Swiss employed on Briggan's farm. The crime was committed yesterday morning, and the details, as disclosed by the Sheriff's inquiry and evidence of a fellow-laborer named Koard, who was a partial witness, show a fiendishness in the prisoner unequalled in the criminal history of this county.

Koard had finished breakfast and was working near the house when he heard a noise as of a violent struggle within, followed by groans, and immediately Briggan rushed out with a bloody ax in his hand, while his face and clothing were covered with blood. Koard was seized with fright, and at once fled from the place. He walked through the woods and finally made his way to this city late in the evening.

When he told his story to Sheriff Mansfield, the officer and deputies at once started for the ranch, twenty miles distant in the most inaccessible part of the mountains. Briggan was found there unconcernedly pursuing his usual employment. He submitted to arrest, and when questioned, denied that anything had happened more than that he had paid Mattle off, and the latter had departed. He was taken in charge by a deputy while the sheriff remained to find the body, which was not in the house.

The floor had been recently washed but there were still large quantities of blood about the room. After a careful examination blood marks were found on one of the windows where the corpse had been lifted out and from these the officers followed the indistinct trail of blood to a small stream, where the body was discovered buried beneath a water fall. The head was crushed and there were numerous cuts and gashes about the body. It was brought to this city by the Coroner, who will hold an inquest tomorrow.

When arrested Briggan's clothing had no blood marks upon it, but this was accounted for by the disclosure that he had burned not only his own clothing, but that of his victim, whose body when found was almost naked.

It is believed that Briggan killed his employee to avoid paying him his wages, which amounted to about \$100. The prisoner is one of three brothers who have resided in this county for a number of years and have borne good reputations.—S. F. Chronicle.

TANFORD TRACK OPENS IN DECEMBER.

At the meeting of the Jockey Club directors two weeks ago it was decided to dispense with the services of Joseph Murphy as presiding judge and Handicapper J. W. Brooks.

Thomas H. Williams, president of the club, announced last evening that Ed C. Hopper had been chosen for the position of presiding judge, and that he would also act as the club's handicapper.

C. T. Pettigill will be associate judge and president of the board of stewards. Former Assistant Manager V. W. Treat, acting secretary under the late R. B. Milroy, has been chosen secretary. The new board of stewards, to be presided over by Pettigill, will consist of E. C. Hopper, Colonel Dan Burns, Fred Mulholland and T. H. Williams. Stewards Dwyer and Holtman have both been re-engaged.

It has been decided to open the winter season on November 15th at the Oakland track, after which racing will be conducted alternately at Tanford and Oakland.

The list of stakes now in preparation will differ from those of the previous season, in that, with the exception of the \$10,000 Burns handicap, all will consist of added money.—S. F. Examiner.

SAN MATEO LEADS IN SCHOOL CENSUS.

That San Mateo is growing was shown by the general census of 1900, when the figures gave it the largest population of any town in the county. San Mateo's population was placed at 1832. Redwood City was the nearest competitor with 1650.

The school census just closed corroborates the claim. According to the official figures just out the showing is as follows:

San Mateo—Boys, 456; girls, 268; total, 724. Redwood City—Boys, 311; girls, 201; total 512.

San Mateo is thus given a majority of 103.—Leader, San Mateo.

COUNTY BOARD IN SESSION.

Official Business Transacted by the Supervisors at Monday's Meeting.

The Board of Supervisors met in regular session Monday. All the members were present.

The San Mateo County Fish and Game Protective Association petitioned the Board for an appropriation of \$20 to transport small trout from Redwood to the different streams of the county. The request was granted on motion of Debenedetti.

A communication was read from C. H. Street, publisher of an advertising map, soliciting orders for copies of same. The communication was ordered referred to the Redwood City and San Mateo Improvement Clubs. The Overland Monthly, in a communication to the Board, stated that it would be pleased to receive an order for a complete write-up of the county for \$200. That magazine is now engaged in writing up several counties of the State. The communication was referred to the secretaries of the improvement clubs.

The application of Gilman & Lynch for a transfer of their liquor license from Tanford Park to Baden was taken up and at the suggestion of Supervisor Eikerenkotter it was withdrawn. W. J. Martin stated that the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company would not permit the firm to conduct a saloon on this property.

C. N. Kirkbride of the San Mateo Improvement Club spoke in favor of an appropriation of \$500 to provide

an exhibit at the Knights of Pythias Convention to be held at San Francisco in August. He also favored a permanent exhibit at the rooms of the State Board of Trade. The Board took no action on the suggestion.

On motion of Eikerenkotter, Harry Painton, principal of the South San Francisco school, was appointed a member of the Board of Education to succeed Geo. W. Hall. Miss Louise Cummins of Pescadero was also appointed a member of the Board of Education to succeed herself.

The following claims were allowed:

| GENERAL FUND. | |
|----------------------|---------|
| Russell & Robb | \$ 2.50 |
| Jesse Palmer | 20.67 |
| W. M. Barrett | 62.40 |
| Sunset Telephone Co. | 47.50 |
| W. B. Gilbert | 5.00 |
| Isabella Curran | 25.00 |
| Geo. W. Lovie | 5.00 |
| John A. Canah | 5.30 |
| W. E. Wagner | 6.85 |
| Amelie Rott | 2.00 |
| Wm. F. Flynn | 5.00 |
| Thomas Horn | 5.00 |
| J. L. H. Hatch | 3.54 |
| Democrat | 38.55 |
| J. L. Ross | 84.00 |
| Democrat | 55.75 |
| Times-Gazette | 68.50 |

COURT HOUSE FUND.

| | |
|--------------|-------|
| P. H. McEvoy | 47.50 |
|--------------|-------|

SALARY FUND.

| | |
|------------------|-------|
| J. Eikerenkotter | 50.10 |
| J. Debenedetti | 51.40 |

No further business appearing the Board adjourned to July 7th.

ADVANTAGES OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO AS A MANUFACTURING CENTER.

A low tax rate.

An equable and healthful climate.

The only deep water on the peninsula south of San Francisco.

Directly on the Bay Shore line of the Southern Pacific Railway and only ten miles from the foot of Market street, San Francisco.

A ship canal which enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

An independent railroad system, which provides ample switching facilities to every industry.

Waterworks with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district.

Thirty-four hundred acres of land in one compact body fronting on the bay of San Francisco, affording cheap and advantageous sites for all sorts of factories.

Several large industries already in actual and successful operation.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workmen may secure land at reasonable prices and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

REWARD!!!

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of \$10 for information leading to arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.

FOR SALE.

Lot 50x140, with cottage of four rooms, bath, basement, laundry, etc. For price and terms apply to Mrs. H. M. Hawkins.

FOR SALE.

Good improved business lot. Pays good interest on price asked. Inquire of E. E. Cunningham.

LIBRARY HOSPITALS

A QUIET CORNER WHERE MAIMED AND AGED BOOKS ARE DOCTORED.

Delicate Operations Are Often Necessary For Injured Volumes and Much Ingenuity Is Required at Times—How Book Surgeons Work.

In every up to date public library there is a quiet corner used as a book hospital, where worn, aged and maimed volumes are sent for treatment and often surgical operations. The women and children of the library—that is, the novels and juveniles—are found in the hospital the most frequently, and often they are beyond cure. But the skillful library worker has all sorts of devices for making broken down books appear fresh and new again, and often a remarkable cure is effected.

If a book were cast aside the minute its back was broken or were not given proper treatment when a leaf became loose, the library would soon find itself doubling expenses for duplicates of old volumes and with little money for new works. Careful treatment, on the other hand, will add years to the life of a book and will materially lessen the expenses of a public library.

This hospital is fitted up in a very simple manner. There are shelves upon which the invalid books are placed until treatment can be given them. Then there are other shelves where they are placed to convalesce and sometimes to regain consciousness after a serious surgical operation. There are operating tables and neat little boxes in which there are rolls of black percale and yards of white percale, sheets of paraffin paper, long strips of thin but fine quality paper, narrow rolls of gummed paper, bundles of grass cloth, balls of string, sandpaper, coarse thread and white mull.

In snug little compartments is the medicine, consisting of glue and paste. The surgical instruments in a little case consist of a pair of forceps, a small wooden paddle, a thin wooden board and papers of needles. Then there is an instrument of torture—a heavy press which is generally applied at the close of an operation.

There are all sorts of complaints among the books, and the most prevalent is the broken back. This comes from the book assuming an unhealthy position, such as leaning up lazily against other books, resting on its front edges or lying flat on its side. A vigorous use of paste and glue often cures this complaint, but in some cases a delicate operation is resorted to.

Then the cover is stripped entirely off the back, and the title is carefully cut out. Next the paper back of the book is peeled off. A piece of grass cloth is then applied and firmly glued

into its place. The old cover, with the exception of the title, is pasted on again, and then the book is tied up with strings and left on the shelf to recover a little. When strong enough, a black percale back is carefully fitted over the old back, and the old title is pasted on the outside.

Small fingers injure the complexion of the books greatly, and sandpaper is used a great deal on juvenile fiction invalids. The edges of the book are rubbed with this rough paper, taking off the dirt and the yellow appearance. Rough edges of leaves are frequent also in this branch of literature. These leaves are carefully trimmed off, and a thin strip of nice quality paper is pasted on to make a clean, regular edge.

"Butting" is a method of operating that is not used by all book surgeons. This consists in placing with the wooden paddle a thin line of glue on the edges of a torn leaf and then pressing them tightly together. It has been demonstrated thoroughly that this butting holds the torn leaf just as firmly as and is much more satisfactory than the old method of pasting gummed transparent paper over the torn places.

The loose leaves are a frequent source of annoyance to the book doctors. The remedy for these bothersome leaves is a hinge of percale or paper, which holds the unruly page in place after the heavy press has been brought to bear on the book. In such cases the thin board is always used to slip into the volume, so that it will keep its shape properly.

The operation which requires the most skill is the sewing of the signature or division of a book back into place. The needle and coarse thread are pushed in and out of the holes in the signature and the binding, and when it becomes awkward to use the fingers the slender forceps are used to draw the needle in and out.

It is part of the work of every public library employee to take a hand in the hospital department, and ingenuity supplies means to remedy every complaint that is conjured up by even the most erratic book. The book doctor trusts wholly to her own wit and skillful fingers to effect a cure, and there are few cases that are hopeless.—New York Mail and Express.

Taking One's Own Pulse.

Being able to "take" one's own pulse is a doubtful accomplishment, because the heart has some peculiarities, the importance of which are sure to be overestimated except by physicians, and much uneasiness occasioned in consequence. Irregularity of the pulse is naturally to no small number of people without other signs of disease. It may also be simply a transient symptom, due to errors of habit or other causes, which, disappearing, leave no trace behind them.

Too Costly.

King George II, once wished to add the Green park, in London, to his palace grounds whether the people liked it or not. He inquired of his minister as to the cost.

His lordship, mindful of the general discontent then prevalent, answered: "The cost, sir? Oh, it would be a matter of three crowns!"

The king took the hint. The people kept their park and the sovereign his triple throne.

A good story is told of an Irishman, more patriotic than clever, who enlisted in one of the smart cavalry regiments. The fencing instructor had experienced rather a difficult job in the matter of explaining to him the various ways of using the sword. "Now," he said, "how would you use the sword if your opponent feinted?" "Bedad," said Pat, with gleaming eyes, "I'd just tickle him with the point to see if he was shamming."

It doesn't matter so much how many mistakes Moses made if we only follow up the advice he left us when he did hit the nail on the head.—American Thresherman.

MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—Desirable cattle of all kinds are selling at easier prices and are offered freely.

SHEEP—Sheep of all kinds are selling at easier prices.

HOGS—Hogs are in demand at lower prices.

PROVISIONS—Provisions are in fair demand at steady prices.

LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are: 1 lb (less 50 per cent shrinkage on Cattle), delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.

CATTLE—No. 1 Fat Native Steers, 9@9½c; 2d quality, 8½c; No. 1 Cows and Heifers, 7@7½c; No. 2 Cows and Heifers, 6½c; thin Cows, 4@6c.

HOGS—Hard, grain-fed, 250 lbs and under 6½c; over 250 to 300 lbs, 6c; rough heavy hogs, 4½c.

SHEEP—Desirable Wethers, dressing 50 lbs. and under, 3½c@4c; L.w.s, 3½c@3¾c; Spring Lambs, 4½c@5½c.

CALVES—Under 250 lbs, alive, gross weight, 6@6½c; over 250 lbs, 4½c@4¾c.

FRESH MEAT—Wholesale butchers' prices for whole carcasses.

BEEF—First quality steers, 7½c; second quality, 7@7½c; first quality cows and heifers, 6½c@7c; second quality, 6@6½c; third quality, 5@5½c.

VEAL—Large, 8@8½c; small, good, 9@9½c; common, 6@7c.

MUTTON—Wethers 8@8½c; Ewes, 7½c@8c; Spring Lambs, 9@9½c.

DRESSED HOGS—Hard, 9@9½c.

PROVISIONS—Hams, 13½c@14½c; picnic hams, 10c; Atlanta ham, 10½c; New York, shoulder, 10c.

BACON—Ex. Lt. S. C. bacon, 13c; light S. C. bacon, 13½c; med. bacon, clear 13c; Lt. med. bacon, clear, 13½c; clear light bacon, 14½c; clear ex. light bacon, 16c.

BEEF—Extra Family, bbl, \$13.50; do, hf-bbl, \$7.00; Family Beef, bbl, \$13.00; do, hf-bbl, \$6.75; Extra Mess, bbl, \$13.00; do, hf-bbl, \$6.75.

PORK—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 11½c; do, light, 12c; do, Bellies, 12@12½c; Extra Clear, bbls., \$24.00; hf-bbls., \$12.25; Soused Pigs Feet, hf-bbls., \$4.00; do, kits, \$1.00.

LARD—Prices are: 1 lb: Tcs. ½-bbls, 50s. 20s. 10s. 5s. Compound 8½c 9c 9½c 9¾c

Country, 12½c 12½c 12½c 12½c 12½c In 3-bbl tins the price on each is ½c higher than on 5-bbl tins.

CANNED MEATS—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s, \$2.35; 1s \$1.35; Roast Beef, 2s \$2.35; 1s, \$1.35.

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Admirably situated in a beautiful grove on the old San Bruno Bay Road, the finest driveway out of San Francisco.

Where you will find the choicest refreshments, both solid and liquid, the San Francisco market affords.

Where comfort and good cheer are dispensed with a cordial hospitality.

Call, see it, and sample the good things, and you will come again.

W. R. MARKT, Proprietor.

Topics

Some men are so mean they won't even pay back borrowed trouble.

The inventor of the steam calliope died a natural death. Hoot, mon!

A fool girl often encourages a fool man for the purpose of bouncing him.

Future historians may refer to Napoleon as "the Pierpont Morgan of war."

A married woman seldom goes on the lecture platform; she has her audience at home.

One of the differences between genius and talent is that the latter frequently enables a man to get rich.

How would you like to hear Baron Astor's opinion of the United States as a rent-producer for 'is 'ighness?

The German reichstag proposes to make a fight against the Standard Oil Company. It is easy enough to see the reichstag's finish.

Sol Smith Russell will be missed, indeed, from ranks and by no means and by no means overcrowded—the ranks of natural comedians.

It isn't necessarily the unexpected that happens when a man who is six feet three inches in his socks marries the shortest girl in town.

Henry Labouchere says Morgan is putting the handwriting on the wall. But perhaps Henry is mistaken. Morgan may be reaching for the wall.

It is strange how kidnapping has gone out of fashion—especially in view of the fact that it was so seldom that any one was ever punished for the crime.

"Have We Any Real Girls?" asks a contemporary. Certainly we have. The paint and powder are only a surface coating. The girl is there, all right.

It is reported that Miss Stone gets \$10,000 for her magazine article on the brigands, not to mention what she will receive for lecturing. Perhaps she bribed them to catch her.

There is a lesson for American boys in every "boy wanted" advertising column of the city daily papers. They almost invariably specify "one who is not afraid to work." Boys who are afraid to work have but a small place in this busy age, and are not wanted.

Edward Everett Hale said at the celebration of his eightieth birthday: "I never had but one enemy, and last week, when I was trying to think of his name, I found I had forgotten who he was." This is better than keeping him in mind by making plans every day for "getting even."

British cavalry officers and members of the veterinary staffs express the opinion, based upon their experiences during the South African war, that docked horses cannot stand fatigue as well as those which have not been docked. Advocates of the practice have usually fallen back upon the negative claim that it "does no harm"—senseless and cruel mutilation though it is; but the South African report deprives them of even that poor defense.

Paderewski went back to Europe with \$125,000 as the result of a three months' encounter with the piano. This is a comfortable compensation, but is a mere bagatelle as compared with the amount obtained by Mr. Morgan, who draws a salary of over twelve million dollars as promoter of the shipping combination. Mr. Morgan was not required to give much of his time and attention to this undertaking. It was purely a side issue, something, as Colonel Sellers would say, "to occupy your mind as you are walking down to business," but it is enough to show the difference between the high art of finance and the lesser arts of music, painting and sculpture. Paderewski is as eminent in his class as is Mr. Morgan in his, but Paderewski is outclassed.

The Teachers' Institute has been embodied in our public school system, but its very familiarity has bred indifference to its value in many parts of the North. Some young ladies of Lexington happened to be camping in the Kentucky mountains last summer near a village where the Teachers' Institute was to be held. They asked permission to decorate the barren schoolroom, and sent to their homes for old magazines. The following autumn one of them stopped at a tiny schoolhouse twenty miles from the summer camp. On the table were tin cans bound with white paper and filled with growing ferns; above woodcuts of George and Martha Washington were draped a little American flag; mottoes adorned the blackboard, and the other simple decorations of the institute room had been faithfully copied. The children were using pages of the old magazines as reading and spelling books, and learning to draw from the illustrations. The young teacher had ridden from the institute not only with her saddle-bags filled with the precious gift of magazines, but with new inspirations to help her and her charges throughout the year.

An Englishman of high rank visited last winter some friends in this country who possessed wide influence and great wealth. They took him one day

through a large establishment in which cannon are manufactured. He was surprised when one man, covered with grime and oil, separated himself from the thousands of other workmen and greeted him cordially. It was the son of his host. "Rob," said his father, as they walked on, "is learning this business. The only way to do that is to master the theory in college, and then learn the practice as an ordinary workman. It is a common custom in our great industrial works. That lad," pointing to another black and greasy workman, "is the son of a bishop, and that one the nephew of a former President." "The chief difference that I note between your people and ours," said his guest, "is that the class which is idle with us all work with you. The sons of your prominent men and millionaires are busy in professions or in amassing more millions. The few exceptions, men who idle their days in yachts or who frequent foreign courts, are, I find, looked upon with disfavor here." "Yes," said his host, "our American creed is that a man must justify his right to be alive by doing something for his fellow men. No amount of wealth will exempt him from that duty. He must give employment to others, or write books, or paint pictures, or invent something. He must take up some work that will grow and bear fruit, or he is regarded as a fungus—an unwholesome growth." It is a libel on our American life to say that the sole motive of its energy is the making of money. The instinct of mutual help and of progress prompts much of our activity. Whether the motives are wise or the abnormal energy is well directed is a question which each American boy and girl may answer for themselves.

A person of exclusively sedentary habits has become a rarity, for sedentariness in these days is generally relieved by some kind of sportiveness. To exercise in one way or another is the fashion of the age and none is too old or too delicate to indulge in some form of out-of-door play. A modern version of the tale of Cinderella, recently published in a magazine, is entitled "Sanderella," in reference to the abused heroine's enforced duty of continually sandpapering her haughty sisters' golf sticks, and when the prince seeks the despised girl he bears in his hand, instead of a tiny ballroom slipper, a generous-sized shoe. This shows the tendency of the age, and it is further revealed in the catalogues of books on athletics and sports. In these lists one finds volumes on "Yacht Etiquette" and "Croquet Up to Date," while the teaching of the young idea how to shoot and how to climb in a literal sense forms the matter of a number of volumes. The subject of "Ropes" does not seem of much interest, yet their knots and splices as treated in a certain book make as absorbing reading as ties of a more sentimental nature. Of course, sportiveness assumes various phases in different individuals. There is the sportsman who would not choose to be a blot upon the landscape and who believes that picturesqueness in the form of becoming attire and coarseness in the presence of a near-by clubhouse are necessary features of the sporting life. Then there is the sportsman who would put off ordinary clothes and conventions and who prefers to adopt the scarecrow's ideal of dress and the savage's habits of living. Among sportswomen there are some who aspire to hit a bird on the wing with a man's unerring aim and others who find hitting the stake with a croquet ball the end and aim of their sporting existence. It matters little what form this playfulness takes, but it is the imperative duty of every individual who would wish to be abreast with the times to betake himself to the greensward or the deep blue sea in the sacred name of sport.

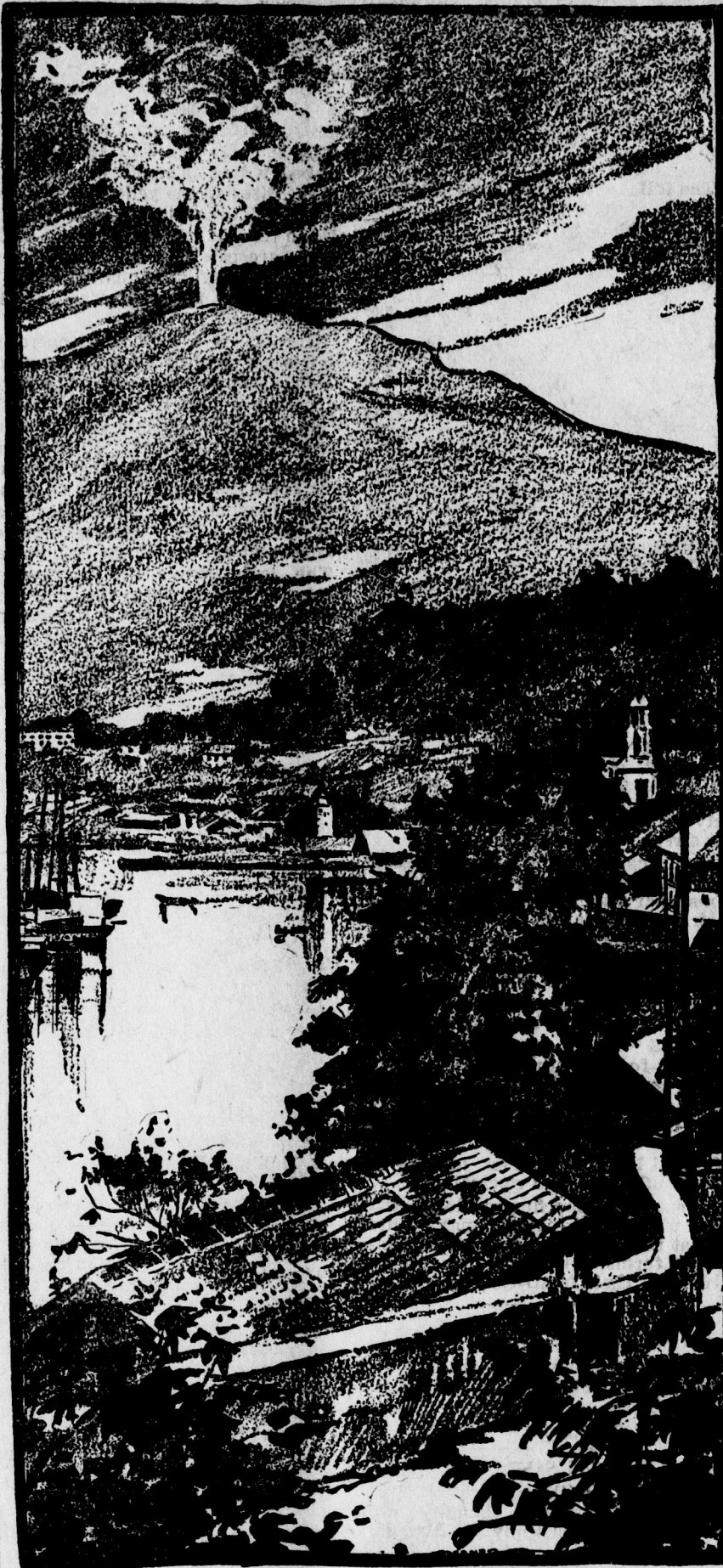
Napoleon's Knife.
A valuable gold-plated penknife which belonged to Napoleon I., made for him in Paris and marked with the maker's name, and beautifully engraved and embossed with the initial "N." a crown, and other emblems, containing four curiously shaped blades, has been sent to the Rev. W. Carille of the Church Army, to be sold for the benefit of the work. The blades are much worn, owing to the Emperor's habit of whittling. In "Uncle Bernac: a Memory of the Empire," by Conan Doyle, the following passage occurs: "A raised writing desk was at the side of the table, and behind it in a green morocco chair, with curved arms, there sat the Emperor. A number of officials were standing round the walls, but he took no notice of them. In his hand he had a small penknife, with which he whittled the wooden knot at the end of the chair."

Well Preserved.
An earnest young man from a college settlement was addressing a company of fathers and mothers on the subject of "Christmas in the Home," telling them of ways in which the day might be made bright, although money was scarce. He had visited many houses in many cities, and was well informed. "I'm not talking about what other people have told me," he said; "it's what I know from my personal experience. I have seen over a hundred Christmas celebrations, and—"

Why Evening Dress is Condemned.
An editor in Ireland condemns evening dress for men because "the guest at a feast cannot be distinguished from the waiter behind his chair."

If you board, look on the bright side; nothing is better for the system than prunes.

MT. PELEE, THE DEATH-DEALING VOLCANO.



ISLAND OF MARTINIQUE,

Desolated by Slave Wars, Earthquakes and Volcanic Eruptions.

The island of Martinique, the scene of one of the most awful catastrophes known in human annals, was discovered by Columbus on his fourth voyage, in 1502, and still bears the name, slightly modified, which its Carib natives then called it. In 1635 the French began to colonize it and the same year the city of St. Pierre was founded. Its early growth was rapid, for in 1657 we find that it had a population of 5,000, exclusive of the aborigines. Early in the 18th century slave labor was introduced on the coffee and sugar plantations and by 1736 there were 72,000 negroes on the island. On four different occasions during the wars between England and France the island was seized by the British, being finally restored to France by the treaty of Paris in 1814. In 1822 and again in 1833 and 1839 the island was distracted by uprisings among the negro slaves; but the abolition of slavery, in 1848, forever put an end to these disturbances.

The negroes rapidly increased and at the time of the last census they numbered 150,000 out of a total population of 175,000. Of the remainder 15,000 were Asiatics and 10,000 pure whites. Martinique, which has an area of 580 square miles, is a beautiful island. It has, however, its drawbacks. Among the latter are the deadly snake, the fer-de-lance, the spider, the ant, the tropical plagues, the hurricane, the earthquake and volcano. So active have been the earthquake and volcano in ancient times that the very island is composed almost entirely of volcanic material. In modern times seismic disturbances have been numerous. In 1727 the island was shaken by an earthquake and in 1767 another seismic con-

vulsion is said to have caused the deaths of 16,000 people. In 1772 the island's fortifications were thrown down by an earthquake.

The most serious volcanic eruptions recorded in Martinique's history occurred in 1813, 1817, 1823, 1839 and 1851. In the latter year Mont Pelee belched forth huge volumes of smoke and ashes and the city of St. Pierre and the surrounding country were covered with a deep layer of ashes. Vegetation, wherever these hot ashes fell, was destroyed. New hot springs gushed out of the sides of the mountain and the air was heavy with sulphur fumes. The agitation ceased, however, without precipitating a tragedy.

Of the chief cities of Martinique St. Pierre was the largest and wealthiest, its population exceeding 25,000, while the population of Port de France, the capital, is less than 20,000.

SCARRED BY VOLCANOES.

Island of St. Vincent Bears Evidence of Past Convulsions.

The island of St. Vincent, which lies to the south of Martinique, in the Windward group, bears all over its face the evidences of the volcanic eruptions which marked its history in past centuries. It has two volcanoes, Morne Garou and La Soufriere, the latter of which is now in active and disastrous eruption and the former of which manifested its energy with terrible destructiveness in 1812. From these volcanoes, extend great "dry rivers," as they are called, being the beds of lava streams which at different times spread over the island.

In 1718 La Soufriere was in a state of eruption and covered the whole island with ashes. The whole upper

part of the cone was blown away. Years afterward the crater filled up and became a lake.

In 1812 the volcano of Morne Garou exploded with terrific noise and energy. At the same time an earthquake, probably in sympathetic relation, occurred at Caracas, Venezuela, and buried 10,000 people. The volcano belched forth torrents of mud and cinders and the surrounding country was covered with a deposit under which all vegetation perished. For three days, so deep was the darkness, the sun appeared to be in a total eclipse. At the end of the third day flames sprang pyramidically from the crater, accompanied by terrific thunder and lightning. Eruptive matter poured down the sides of the crater, destroying plantations and houses, while showers of cinders and stones at times bombarded the earth, killing negroes and Carib natives.

St. Vincent is a small but very fertile island, its area being 131 square miles. Its present population exceeds 50,000, very few of whom are white. Originally the island belonged to France, but in 1763 it was ceded to England. In 1778 there began a ten years' war with the fierce Caribs, ending with the banishment of nearly all the aborigines to the island of Roatan on the Honduras coast.

The planters became very wealthy growing sugar with slave labor, but after the emancipation their wealth was lost, and now most of the owners of the soil are the descendants of the old slaves, who, with little patches of land, live a happy, contented life.

Sugar, rum, cocoa and spices are produced, but the chief product is arrowroot, which has finer qualities and more exquisite flavor here than anywhere else.

A LEISURE-LOVING PEOPLE.

Such Were the Inhabitants of the City of St. Pierre.

The inhabitants of St. Pierre took life easy. In the hurricane months, June, July, August and September, they left the hot and low-lying city and made their abode on Mont Pelee, where cool breezes made life tolerable. French manners and customs dominated. The morning breakfast lasting three hours and attended by men and women wearing full dress, was one of the features of the living of the rich and well-to-do.

The Garden of Plants, a park of immense size, afforded all classes a shady and beautiful retreat from the sun's blazing rays, while it also contained an element of danger—the iron lance, a name given to a venomous serpent, whose bite was fatal unless prompt measures were resorted to. In St. Pierre about 1,000 persons were attacked yearly, of whom 100 lost their lives. These reptiles sought shady spots in the park and on lawns, and any one sitting in the grass was liable to be bitten. All over the island of Martinique the iron lance was in evidence and dreaded.

The color line exists in Martinique, though it is not drawn with the tightness that it is in the United States. The blacks prevail in the ratio of nine to one, and many of its men and women are cultured and good-looking. The island has been noted for thirty years for its excellent school system. Perhaps one in ten of the whites, nearly all French, marry negroes. It is extremely rare, however, for a white woman to take a colored husband. Where one so acts, there are a hundred white men who marry colored women.

MAY BURN FOR AGES.

Like Vesuvius, Mt. Pelee May Continue to Belch Fire.

Some people are of the opinion that Mont Pelee will cool off rapidly and again become quiescent, but the best judges believe that it will go on throwing off fire and lava for a long time. While the violence of the first eruption will, it is thought, subside, the mountain from a spectacular point of view is stated as likely to continue in active eruption for months, possibly for centuries. Vesuvius was regarded as extinct, until it suddenly broke out and destroyed Pompeii in A. D. 79, blowing its top off as was done by Mont Pelee, and yet it has continued in more or less active eruption ever since. Sometimes it subsides until nothing but a thin cloud of smoke surrounds the summit, but with the exception of a period of 131 years, between 1500 and 1631, it has never been quite dead since the destruction of Pompeii, which was the first eruption of the mountain of which there is any authentic record. Its periods of notable activity have been extended over

GREAT DISASTERS IN HISTORY.

| | Lives Lost. |
|--|-------------|
| Feb. 24, 79—Pompeii destroyed by eruption of Mount Vesuvius..... | 30,000 |
| 1137—Catania, in Sicily, overturned by earthquake..... | 15,000 |
| 1208—Cilicia destroyed by earthquake..... | 60,000 |
| Dec. 5, 1456—Earthquake at Naples..... | 40,000 |
| Feb. 26, 1531—Earthquake at Lisbon..... | 30,000 |
| September, 1693—Earthquake in Sicily buried fifty-four cities and towns and 300 villages; of Catania and its 18,000 inhabitants not a trace remained..... | 100,000 |
| Feb. 2, 1703—Jeddo, Japan, destroyed..... | 200,000 |
| Nov. 30, 1731—Earthquake at Peking..... | 100,000 |
| Oct. 28, 1746—Lima and Callao demolished..... | 18,000 |
| September, 1754—Grand Cairo destroyed..... | 40,000 |
| June 7, 1755—Kascham, Persia, swallowed up..... | 40,000 |
| Nov. 1, 1755—Great earthquake in Spain and Portugal; in eight minutes 50,000 inhabitants of Lisbon perished; cities of Coimbra, Oporto, Braga and St. Ubes wholly overturned. In Spain Malaga reduced to ruins. One-half of Fez, Morocco, destroyed, more than 12,000 Arabs killed; 2,000 houses in Island of Madeira destroyed..... | 100,000 |
| Feb. 4, 1797—Whole country between Santa Fe and Panama destroyed, including City of Quito..... | 40,000 |
| Aug. 10, 1822—Aleppo destroyed..... | 20,000 |
| May 26, 1830—Canton, China, shaken..... | 6,000 |
| May 7, 1842—Cape Haytien destroyed..... | 5,000 |
| March 2, 1856—Earthquake in Molucca Islands..... | 3,000 |
| Dec. 16, 1857—Calabria, Naples, destroyed..... | 10,000 |
| July 2, 1863—Earthquake partly destroyed Manila..... | 1,000 |
| Aug. 31, 1868—Earthquake in Peru and Ecuador..... | 25,000 |

weeks and months. The great eruption of 1868 attracted visitors from all over Europe, and excursions were made up of large parties in England, who traveled to Naples to witness the sight, which was one of surpassing grandeur and magnificence.

Similarly, it is believed by some scientists that now that a new volcano has opened up with a great tragedy, it may become one of the sights of the world, attracting visitors and scientists from New York and from Europe. Seismic experts and geologists, with col-



NATIVES OF MARTINIQUE.

lege professors and naturalists, would be naturally attracted to such a place from the very beginning, to study on the spot and place on record their observations of an event that will go down in the history of the world's greatest catastrophes. The spectacular aspects of the volcanic eruptions in the Antilles will bring about a rush of visitors to Martinique and St. Vincent.

A Doubtful Compliment.

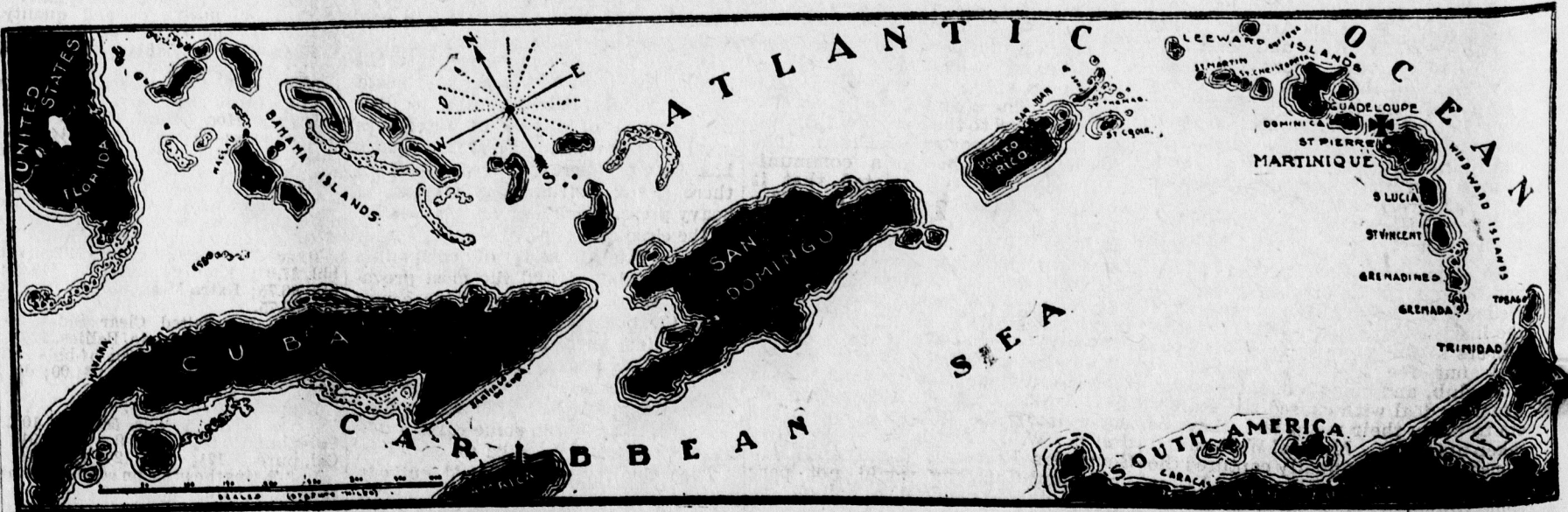
Old lady, describing a cycling accident: "E 'elped me hup an' brushed the dust off on me an' put five shillin' in my 'and, an' so I says, 'Well, sir, I'm sure you're hactin' like a gentleman.' I says, 'though I don't suppose you are one,' I says."—Punch.

English Novels.

One thousand five hundred and thirteen novels were published in England last year.

Great opportunities come to those who make good use of small ones.

MAP SHOWING PROXIMITY OF WINDWARD ISLANDS TO CUBA AND UNITED STATES.



| | |
|----------------------------------|--------------|
| From New York to Martinique..... | Miles. 1,820 |
| From New York to St. Thomas..... | 1,428 |
| From New York to Havana..... | 1,247 |

| | |
|------------------------------------|------------|
| From New Orleans to Havana..... | Miles. 597 |
| From Porto Rico to Martinique..... | 450 |
| From New York to Panama..... | 1,821 |

Disfigured Skin

Wasted muscles and decaying bones. What have! Scrofula, let alone, is capable of all that, and more. It is commonly marked by bunches in the neck, inflammation in the eyes, dyspepsia, catarrh, and general debility. It is always radically and permanently cured by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Which expels all humors, cures all eruptions, and builds up the whole system whether young or old.

Hood's Pills cure liver bile: the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

SOME GOOD ADVICE ON SWINE.

The first few days after a sow farrows she should have but little food. Very rich food will scour the pigs. I save more pigs farrowed in the spring than I do those farrowed in the fall. A lot and house for each sow are necessary for best results. After pigs are old enough to eat slop, composed of bran and ship stuff and a little oil meal, different litters may be turned together. For best growth and development feed mostly soft food with grass and clover and a little corn. Equal parts of bran and ship stuff with a very thin slop of oil meal is what I use. Plenty of wood ashes, slaked lime, salt and charcoal made from burning coals or wood, should be in their lots and pastures all the time. Hogs will eat a great deal of sand. Wheat straw is best for bedding. Millet is good for grown hogs, will keep them out of the dust better than anything else. It is not best to have young pigs very fat. The development of bone and muscle is the primary object of the first six months of a pig's life. Overfeeding impairs the health and usefulness of the pig very greatly. We should keep it in a thriving condition.—Ex.

ADAMS SARSAPARILLA PILLS.

A grand medicine to purify the Blood. They cure Constipation, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Sick Headaches. 10c, 25c.

Fat men should work more and lean men should drink more. It is not nice to be a hayball nor a ramrod.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

The pleasure of all pleasures fade when they come too easily and too abundantly.

Piao's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of the throat and lungs.—Wm. O. ENDSLEY, Vanburen, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

It takes a truly great man to rise and prosper and not feel his head swell.

\$100 REWARD, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

To preserve the fresh color of vegetables, boil fast in plenty of water, with cover of kettle off.

Create as few wounds as you can in this world. They are ugly things which touch human heartstrings.

No parent should expect a teacher to create brains and change inheritance.

Great men lose their greatness when they get close to them.

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent.

Easy to buy, easy to take, easy in action, easy in results—Cascarets Candy Cathartic, ideal liver regulator and intestinal tonic. All druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Study how to get along with as little fuming and fretting as possible. The worrying habit kills more people than epidemics.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 361 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Sun Flower Rye; the whiskey for ladies and gentlemen. Try it. Spruance Stanley & Co., San Francisco.

Stop drinking strong coffee for a month and note the effects.

No Hair?

"My hair was falling out very fast and I was greatly alarmed. I then tried Ayer's Hair Vigor and my hair stopped falling at once."—Mrs. G. A. McVay, Alexandria, O.

The trouble is your hair does not have life enough. Act promptly. Save your hair. Feed it with Ayer's Hair Vigor. If the gray hairs are beginning to show, Ayer's Hair Vigor will restore color every time. \$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

RECENT JUDICIAL DECISIONS.

A statute making it unlawful to herd or graze sheep within two miles of an inhabited dwelling is held, in *Sifers vs. Johnson* (Idaho 54 L. R. 785), to be a valid exercise of the police power of the State, and not unconstitutional.

A pedestrian who falls into a hole in a sidewalk cannot, as a matter of law, be held negligent because she was at the time talking to a companion, holds the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, in the case of *Butcher vs. City of Philadelphia* (51 Atl. Rep. 330).

The doctrine that the word "trustee" added to the name of the payee of a note does not destroy its negotiability is declared in the case of *Central State Bank vs. Spurlin* (Iowa, 49 L. R. A. 661), and this is in harmony with the other authorities, as shown by the note to *Fox vs. Citizens' Banking and T. Company* (Tenn.), 35 L. R. A. 678.

Giving notice of dishonor of protested paper is, in the absence of contrary instructions, an official duty of a notary public, in Nebraska, for neglect of which an action is maintainable by the party injured, upon his official bond, holds the Supreme Court of Nebraska in the case of *Dartmouth Savings Bank vs. Foley* (80 N. W. Rep. 395).

A woman who, seeing a car which had been derailed while a flying drill was being made coming out of the limits of a freight yard and across a public street at great speed toward the place where she was standing, ran for safety and fell, is held in *Tuttle vs. Atlantic City R. Co.* (N. J. Er. and App., 54 L. R. A. 582), to be entitled to recover for the injury thereby received.

The divorced wife of a member of a fraternal order, who was named as the beneficiary in the benefit certificate while she was the member's wife, was held by the Supreme Court of California, in the case of *Courtis vs. Grand Lodge, etc.* (67 Pac. Rep., 970), to be entitled to the benefit fund on the death of the member, who died without in any way changing the beneficiary.

Penal ordinances prohibiting any colored netting or other material which has a tendency to conceal the true color or quality of the goods to be used for covering packages of fruit are held in *Frost vs. Chicago* (Ill., 49 L. R. A. 657), to be a vexatious and unreasonable interference with and restriction upon the rights of dealers in fruit, and therefore void when based only on the general police powers of the city.

In *Burian vs. Seattle Electric Company* (67 Pacific Reporter, 214), the plaintiff was struck by a cable car which had just ascended a hill, the grade of which was about 20 per cent. The speed of the car could not be checked while on the grade without releasing the cable, and the company urged that this would be a hazardous thing to do until the car had reached the top of the incline. The court holds that as a matter of law these facts do not show a want of negligence on the part of the company, saying that they are not prepared to decide that the company is authorized to maintain a system of operating cars which will prevent it from safely stopping them at any point.

An Amateur.

There may be worse places on a train than where the sun dazzles one's eyes. The Brooklyn Eagle tells of a man who, finding himself very uncomfortable during a journey to Port Jefferson, cast about for a better location, and lighted upon a private compartment at the extreme end of the car.

It was empty. The cushions were plump, padding was plentiful, the water-cooler was full. All in all, the situation could not have been better. The Brooklynite took possession. As he watched the stations go by he wondered idly why no one came to share the place with him.

"Kind of nice in here, isn't it?" queried the rear brakeman, passing through.

"Yes, indeed," replied the Brooklynite, smiling.

"What do you suppose this little room is used for?"

"Don't know. Smoking-room, likely. There are match scratches on the side here."

"No," answered the brakeman. "This is the room in which we usually carry violent lunatics out to the State asylum at Kings Park. This is the first day in some time when we haven't had one. This partition shuts off the rest of the car. The passengers didn't like to be associated with crazy folks, so the railroad fixed it up."

"I suppose," continued the brakeman, "that folks have been thinking you was a lunatic for the last twenty-five miles."

The Brooklynite went out immediately to the rear platform, and at the next rural stop he sneaked along the ground and clambered unseen into another car.

She Pronounced It Butter.

Senator Dewey contributes a butter story to the gaiety of nations.

"A friend of mine went into a high-class restaurant," he says, "and discovered oleomargarine upon the table. 'Come here,' he said to the waiter. 'How do you pronounce o-l-e-o-m-a-r-g-a-r-i-n-e?' And the intelligent server of the magnificent palace of pleasure at once responded: 'I pronounce it butter, sir, or else I lose my job.'"—Washington Post.

To Fill Out a Thin Face.

Eat nourishing food. Drink warm milk. Develop your whole body. Sleep a great deal. Do not worry. Massage your face.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Even if a man is a poor thinker he may be a good whistler.

Sick Women

Mrs. Valentine Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Cured Her.

Happiness will go out of your life forever, my sister, if you have any of the symptoms mentioned in Mrs. Valentine's letter, unless you act promptly. Procure Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once. It is absolutely sure to help you. Then write for advice if there is anything about your case you do not understand.

You need not be afraid to tell the things you could not explain to the doctor—your letter will be seen only by women. All the persons who see private letters at Mrs. Pinkham's Laboratory, at Lynn, Mass., are women. All letters are confidential and advice absolutely free.

Here is the letter:—"It is with pleasure that I add my testimony to your list, hoping it may induce others to avail themselves of the benefit of your valuable remedy. Before taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I felt very badly, was nervous, and tired, had sick headaches, no appetite, gnawing pain in stomach, pain in my back and right side, and so weak I could scarcely stand. I was not able to do anything. Had sharp pains all half a bottle of your medicine, I found myself improving. I continued its use until I had taken four bottles, and felt so well that I did not need to take any more. I am like a new person, and your medicine shall always have my praise."—Mrs. W. P. VALENTINE, 566 Ferry Avenue, Camden, N. J.



\$5000 will be paid if this testimonial is not genuine. Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co.

AFTER CARE.

When the pigs are farrowed they will need nothing for a time save the mother's milk. Some very good growers of pigs object to a large ration of corn for the mother or for growing pigs until after fattening time. A good food for the nursing mother is of root crops, beets, turnips, potatoes, in fact any succulent vegetable with milk, slop from the kitchen and middlings or any available mixed feed. This will give plenty of milk and make the sow fat enough. When the little pigs are old enough to take the other food besides the mother's milk, a little corn may be given them, but milk, sweet from the separator makes an excellent food. A pasture of grass or clover is very essential. It is also a great saving of feed, as the pigs will get a great deal from the field, besides the exercise will tend to develop muscle, and make a large frame upon which to build when fattening time comes. In making a trough for feeding young pigs it is well to nail slats across the top to prevent their getting into the trough, and also to do away with crowding; the space between the slats being large enough to accommodate a pig. Keep the different lots of pigs separate for a time if possible, as the stronger ones are likely to be "piggish" and get more than their share.

A good many friends are willing to help you along, but few are willing to carry you.

Loyalty to friends and principles shows the highest trait of human nature.

Good deeds do not need explanations.

Poison Oak Poison Ivy

are among the best known of the many dangerous wild plants and shrubs. To touch or handle them quickly produces swelling and inflammation with intense itching and burning of the skin. The eruption soon disappears, the sufferer hopes forever; but almost as soon as the little blisters and pustules appeared the poison had reached the blood, and will break out at regular intervals and each time in a more aggravated form. This poison will loiter in the system for years, and every atom of it must be forced out of the blood before you can expect a perfect, permanent cure.

SSS Nature's Antidote FOR Nature's Poisons,

is the only cure for Poison Oak, Poison Ivy, and all noxious plants. It is composed exclusively of roots and herbs. Now is the time to get the poison out of your system, as delay makes your condition worse. Don't experiment longer with salves, washes and soaps—they never cure.

Mr. S. M. Marshall, bookkeeper of the Atlanta (Ga.) Gas Light Co., was poisoned with Poison Oak. He took Sulphur, Arsenic and various other drugs, and applied externally numerous lotions and salves with no benefit. At times the swelling and inflammation was so severe he was almost blind. For eight years the poison would break out every season. His condition was much improved after taking one bottle of S. S. S., and a few bottles cleared his blood of the poison, and all evidences of the disease disappeared.

People are often poisoned without knowing when or how. Explain your case fully to our physicians, and they will cheerfully give such information and advice as you require, without charge, and we will send at the same time an interesting book on Blood and Skin Diseases. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

IN A RACK OF FIRE.

Boy Imprisoned in Big Chandelier of Drury Lane Theater.

To cling to the network of rods on a huge chandelier, roasting in the up-rushing heat of hundreds of gas burners, with a drop of ninety feet beneath—this is an experience the memory of which still makes Mr. Frank Parker shudder. The circumstances are told in the Strand Magazine.

Before the day of electric lights Drury Lane Theater was illuminated by a great gasolier, eighteen feet across the base. It hung on stout chains twelve feet long, and was fed by pipes coming down through a manhole in the ceiling. Close to this manhole was a circular crown of burners; a larger circle ran round the bottom of the chandelier; and in addition, "baskets" of lights were grouped at intervals about the lower rim.

The boy who lighted this glittering mass of jets and flashing prisms was Frank Parker, a youth of 17. As no automatic spark had then been devised, the method of lighting was a primitive one. Parker used to go into the garret above the ceiling and reach down through the manhole with a long pole, at the end of which was a spirit torch. In doing this he had to be very careful not to break any of the glass pendants, which, if loosened, might under the great heat drop off during a performance and kill some one in the pit.

One night, as Parker reached down to light the lower range of lights and the basket clusters, he knocked the pole against a string of glass prisms, which came loose at one end and swung down, supported only by a small copper wire.

Then he remembered the words of the manager: "If any of the crystals come loose, break them off at all costs. They are dangerous."

So Parker, without hesitation, climbed down through the manhole upon the interlaced rods and braces of the chandelier, which swayed slowly above the black pit.

As he let himself down through the hoop of lights which formed the top of the chandelier, his lamp caught the circle of open jets, and the flame ran round in a succession of sputters, one light catching from another, as a row of dominoes falls. There he was, imprisoned between fire above and darkness below.

At first he did not notice his peril, for he was intent on breaking off the dangerous cluster of prisms. With great difficulty he reached it and knocked it into the pit. The pause before it struck told him how deep the chasm lay beneath him. Then he looked up and realized his position, for there was the circle of blazing jets above him barring the way to the manhole.

The heat and poisonous fumes of hundreds of lights rushed over him up through the ventilator. He called for help. The minutes slipped by. The rods he clung to grew hot. Then, when he had almost given up hope, the head lightman heard his cries and rushed up, over the grille, through the dark garret to the manhole. Turning off the lights, he lay down, as one does to pull a drowning man from a hole, reached through the opening, and, seizing Parker's arms, drew him up to safety.

NATIONAL CUSTOMS.

Sir Charles Napier Was Perfectly Willing to Observe Them.

When Sir Charles Napier was exercising military rule in India, he showed extraordinary skill as an administrator. He availed himself as much as possible of the framework of government previously existing, and used a wonderful tact in answering the Hindu mind according to its own form of thought.

"Make no avoidable change in the ancient laws and customs," he said to his subordinates. "The conquest of a country is sufficient convulsion for the people, without abrupt changes in their habits and social life."

One custom, however, he did abolish, and his method of doing it showed his wisdom in administration. This was the practice of suttee—the burning of widows on the funeral piles of their husbands; and he not only put his foot firmly down on it, but met counter arguments in the only manner possible. The custom had been formally abolished by Lord William Bentinck, in 1829; but evidently it was still practiced a dozen years later when Sir Charles was in India.

When he proclaimed his intention of suppressing suttee, the priests came to him to protest, on the ground that all nations had customs to be respected, and that suttee was one of them. Napier affected to be impressed by the argument.

"Be it so," said he. "The burning of widows is your custom. Prepare the pile. But my nation has also a custom. When men burn women alive, we hang them and confiscate all their property. My carpenters shall therefore erect gibbets, on which every one concerned in a widow's burning shall be hanged. Let us all act according to national custom."

Pertinent.

Lady Lecturer—My dear children, I love all animals. I never under any circumstances hurt one. I even have a family of pet toads. I love them so that I catch flies for them.

Small Boy—Please, missus, ain't flies animals?

Depression in Shipbuilding. London papers insist that the depression reported in British shipbuilding is the effect of the boom of 1901.

Leather from Cow's Hide. A cow's hide produces thirty-five pounds of leather, and that of a horse about eighteen pounds.

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The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments, and endanger the health of Children—Experience against Experiment.

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The fellow who is ready and hasty at all times to start out peddling evil reports about other people, has caused much injury to feelings and reputations.

A fine quality of liquor for home use is old Gilt Edge Whiskey. Superior to all others. Your medicine chest is incomplete without it. Sold everywhere. Wichman, Lutgen & Co., San Francisco, Cal., sole proprietors.

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S. F. N. E. No. 25, 1900

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Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.
Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.
Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.
Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.
Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and Seven Miles of Water Front on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.
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The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.
South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly **FIFTEEN HUNDRED PEOPLE**.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workmen may secure land at reasonable prices, and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

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South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

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